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THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

No. 1.

CONTAINING

THE DREAM IS PAST,

A SONG—WRITTEN BY C. FITZ-AUBYN—COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

FOR THE GUITAR.

THE CACHUCHA:

OR,

Come, O come! Castanets are gaily sounding.

FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

THERE'S NOT A WORD THY LIPS HAVE BREATH'D.

FOR THE GUITAR

Edited by a Competent Musician.

Philadelphia:

PUBLISHED BY BURNS & CO.,

NO. 164 SOUTH SECOND STREET.

Stereotyped by L. Johnson, Philadelphia.

784.3
M929m

THE DREAM IS PAST.

Andante con espressione.

Piano.

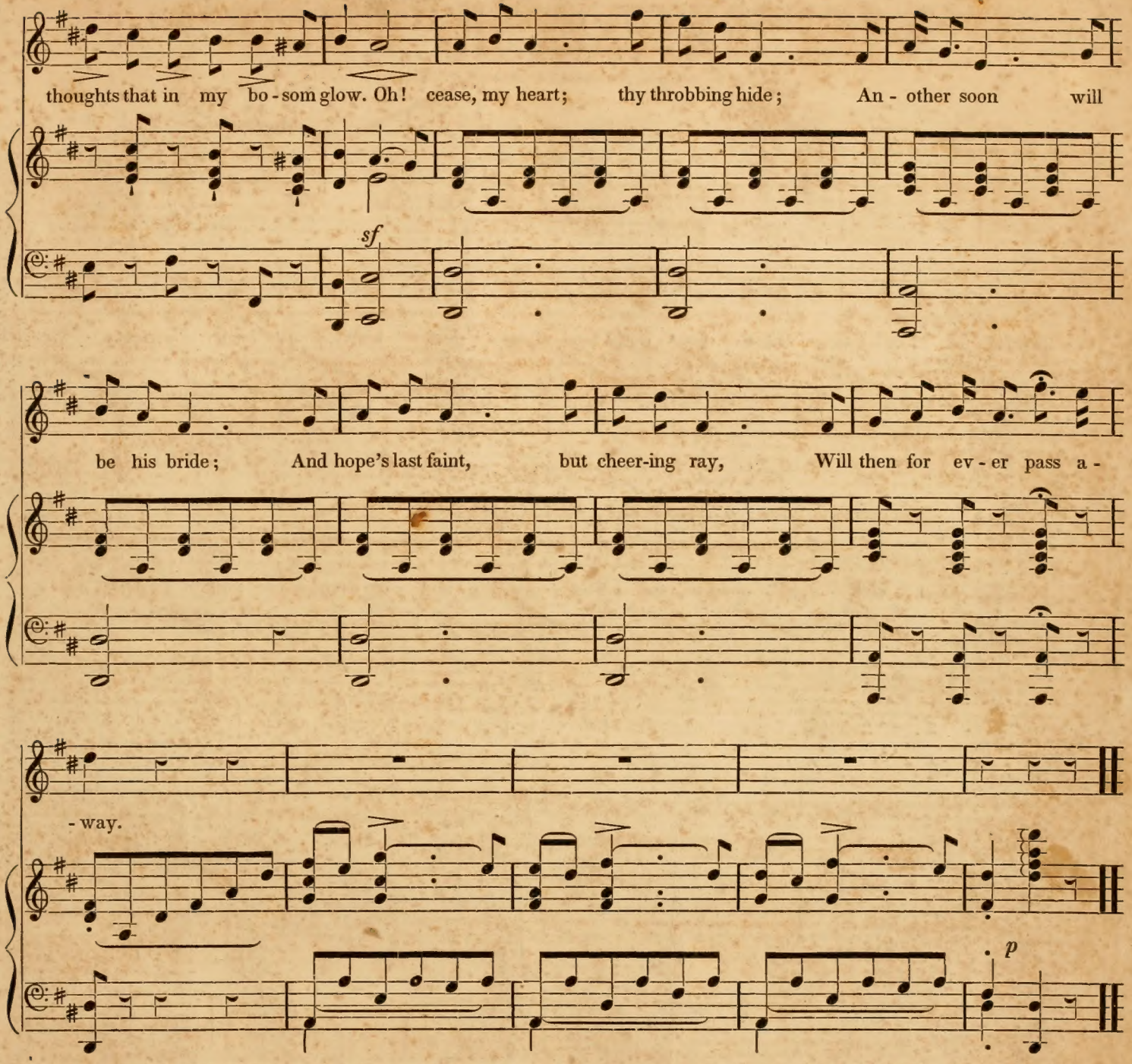
p *dim*

The dream is past, and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed; And

p

dark-ly die, mid grief and pain, The joys which, gone, come not again. My soul in si - - - lence

and in tears, Has cherish'd now for ma-ny years, A love for one, who does not know The

cres.

thoughts that in my bo - som glow. Oh! cease, my heart; thy throbbing hide; An - other soon will
sf
be his bride; And hope's last faint, but cheer-ing ray, Will then for ev - er pass a -
- way.
p

2

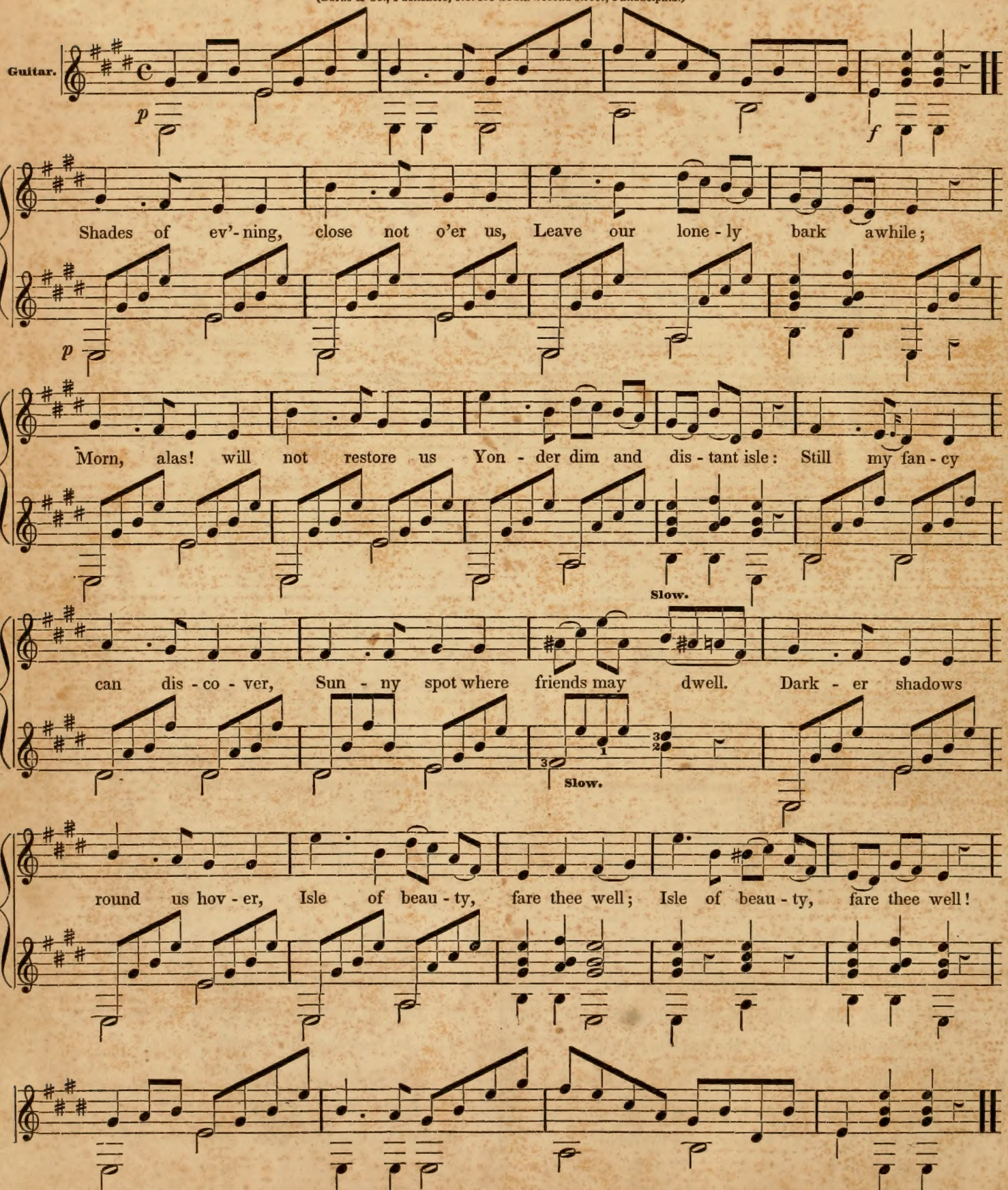
They cannot see the silent tear,
That falls uncheck'd when none are near;
Nor do they mark the smother'd sigh,
That leaves my breast when they are by.
I know my cheek is paler now,
And smiles no longer deck my brow;

'Tis youth's decay, 'twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within.
Oh! let me rouse my sleeping pride,
And, from his gaze, my feelings hide;
He shall not smile, to think that I,
With love for him, could pine and die.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

FOR THE GUITAR.

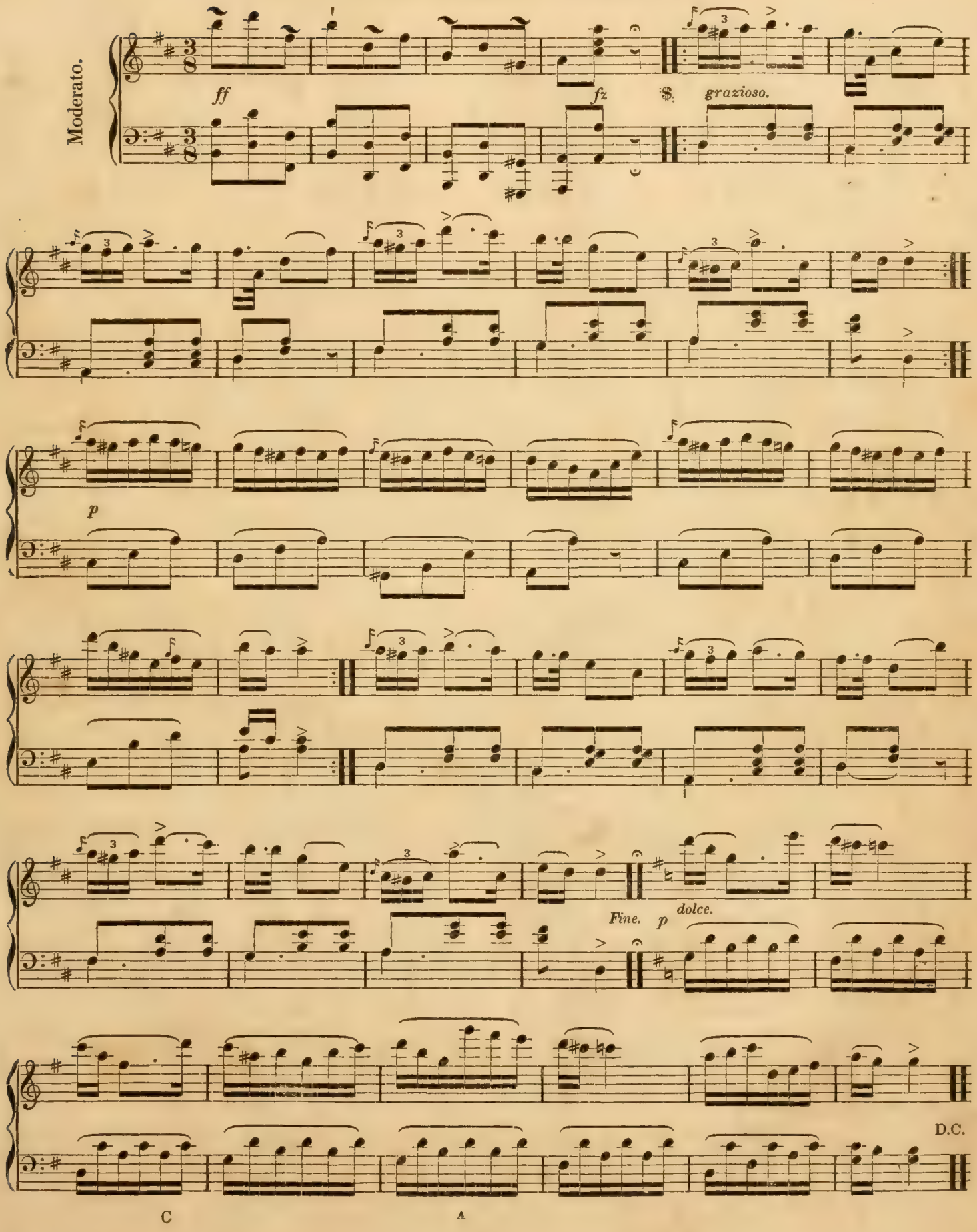
(Burns & Co., Publishers, No. 164 South Second street, Philadelphia.)


Guitar.
p
f
Shades of ev'-ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark awhile;
p
Morn, alas! will not restore us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle: Still my fan - cy
Slow.
can dis - co - ver, Sun - ny spot where friends may dwell. Dark - er shadows
Slow.
round us hov - er, Isle of beau - ty, fare thee well; Isle of beau - ty, fare thee well!

2 When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon:
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell!
Absence makes the heart grow fonder:
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

LA SMOLENSKA.....*Russian Air.*

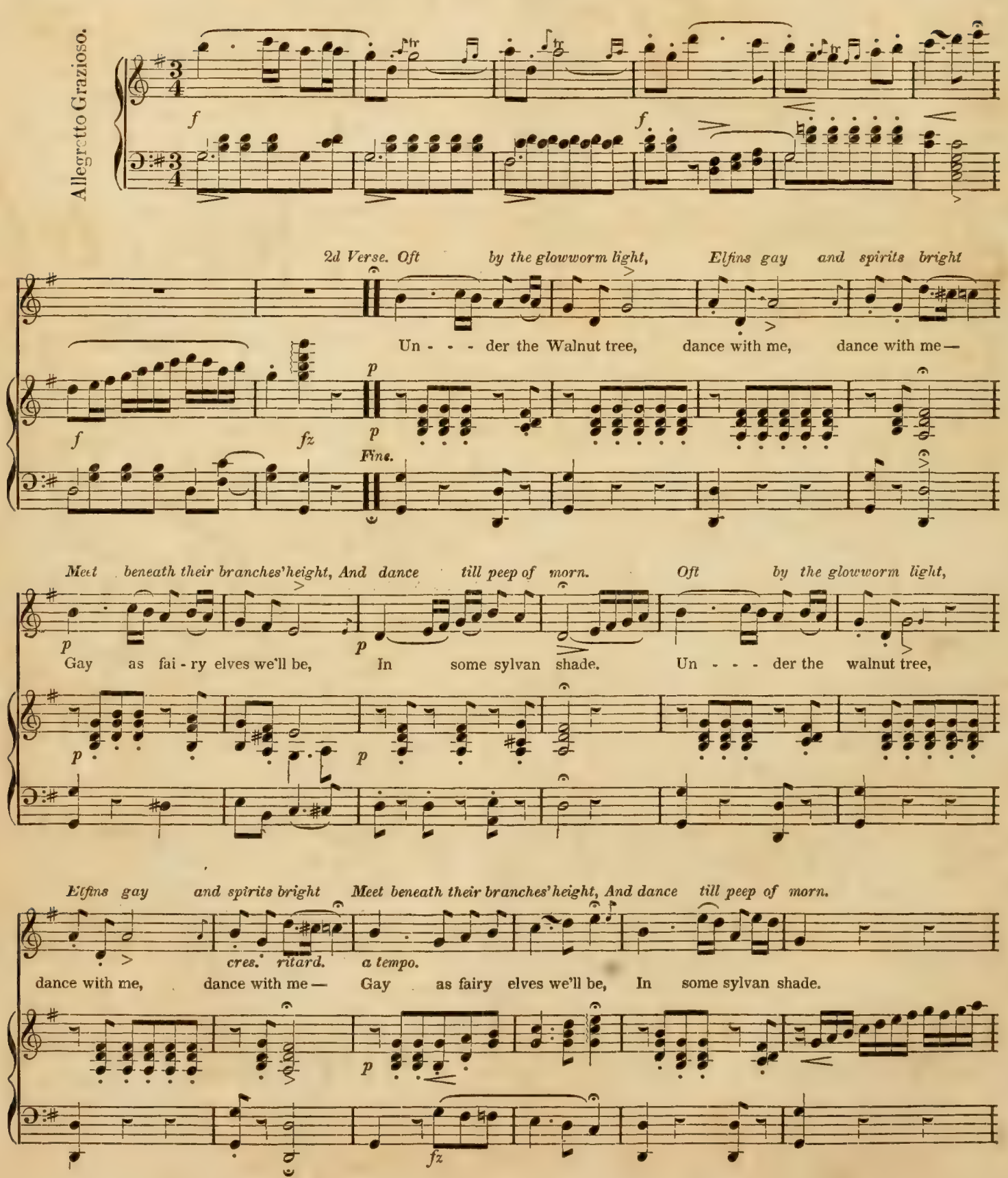
[DANCED BY MADEMOISELLE FANNY ELLSLER.]

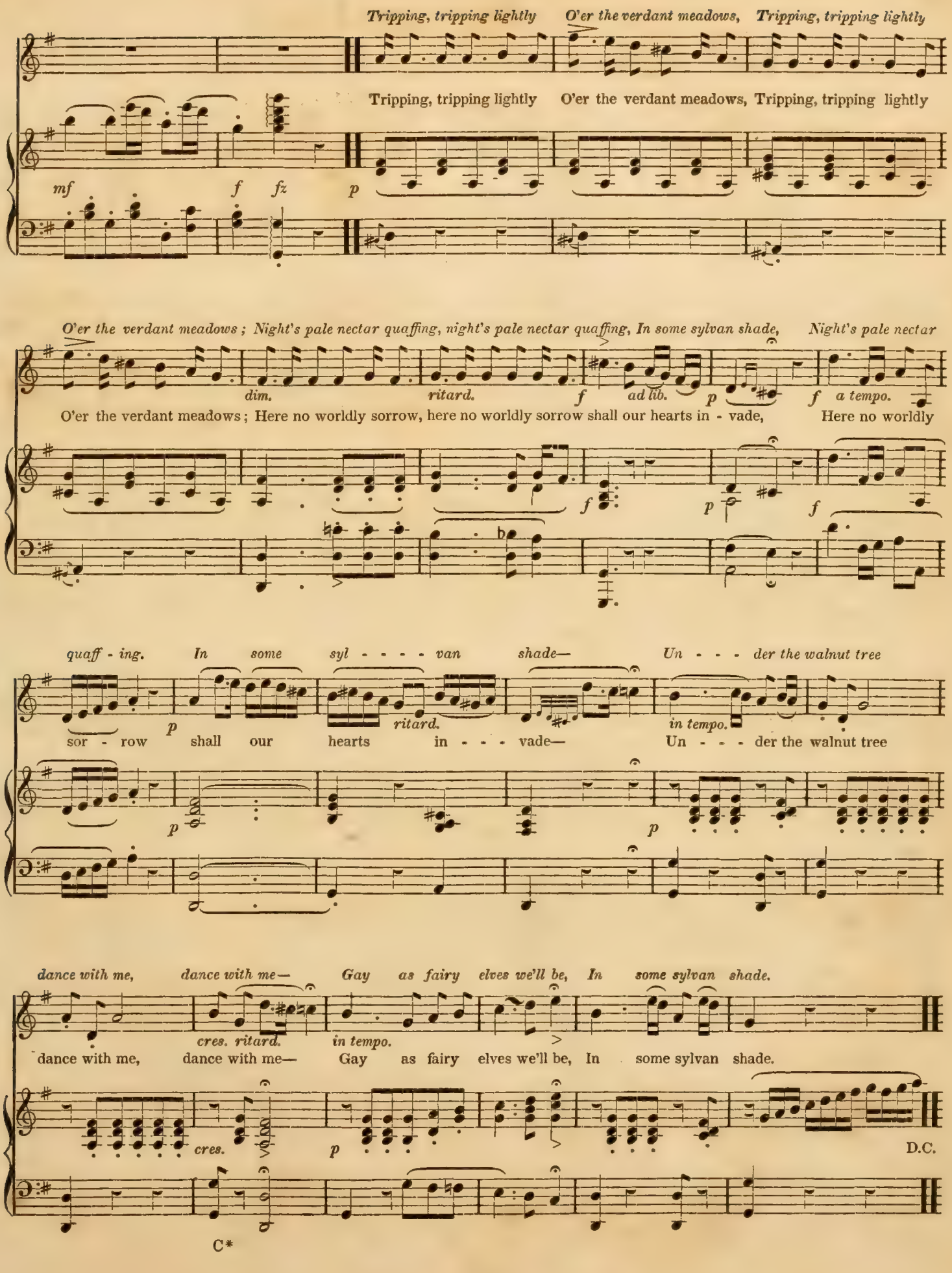


THE SYLVAN SHADE,

UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

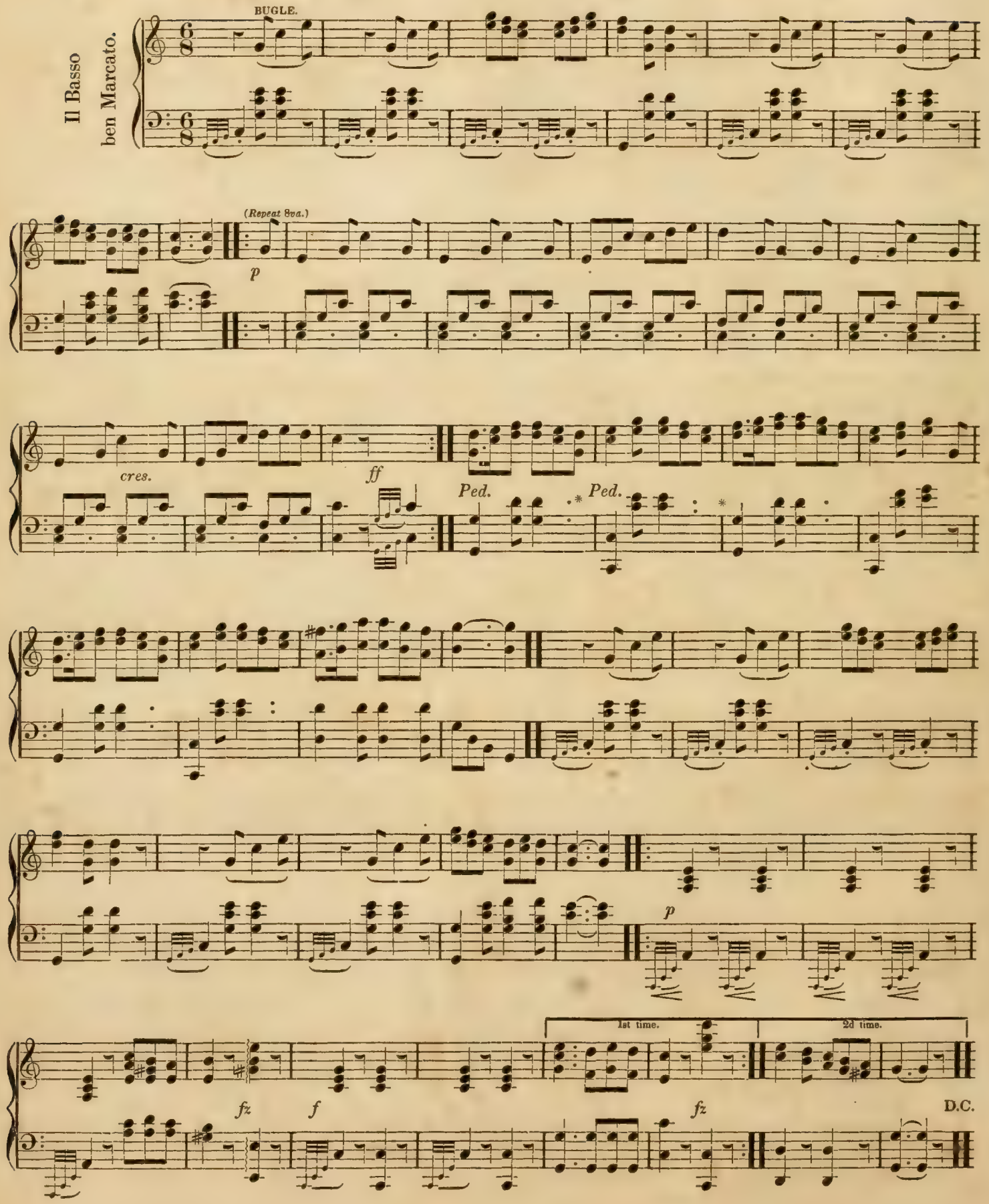
PARTLY COMPOSED, AND ARRANGED, BY CHARLES JARVIS.


Allegretto Grazioso.
2d Verse. Oft by the glowworm light, Elfins gay and spirits bright
Un - - - der the Walnut tree, dance with me, dance with me—
Fine.
Meet beneath their branches' height, And dance till peep of morn. Oft by the glowworm light,
Gay as fai - ry elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade. Un - - - der the walnut tree,
Elfins gay and spirits bright Meet beneath their branches' height, And dance till peep of morn.
cres. ritard. a tempo.
dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.


Tripping, tripping lightly O'er the verdant meadows, Tripping, tripping lightly
Tripping, tripping lightly O'er the verdant meadows, Tripping, tripping lightly
mf f fz p
O'er the verdant meadows; Night's pale nectar quaffing, night's pale nectar quaffing, In some sylvan shade, Night's pale nectar
dim. ritard. f ad lib. p f a tempo.
O'er the verdant meadows; Here no worldly sorrow, here no worldly sorrow shall our hearts in - vade, Here no worldly
quaff - ing. In some syl - - - - van shade— Un - - - der the walnut tree
p ritard. in tempo.
sor - row shall our hearts in - - - vade— Un - - - der the walnut tree
p p
dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.
cres. ritard. in tempo.
dance with me, dance with me— Gay as fairy elves we'll be, In some sylvan shade.
cres. p D.C.
C*

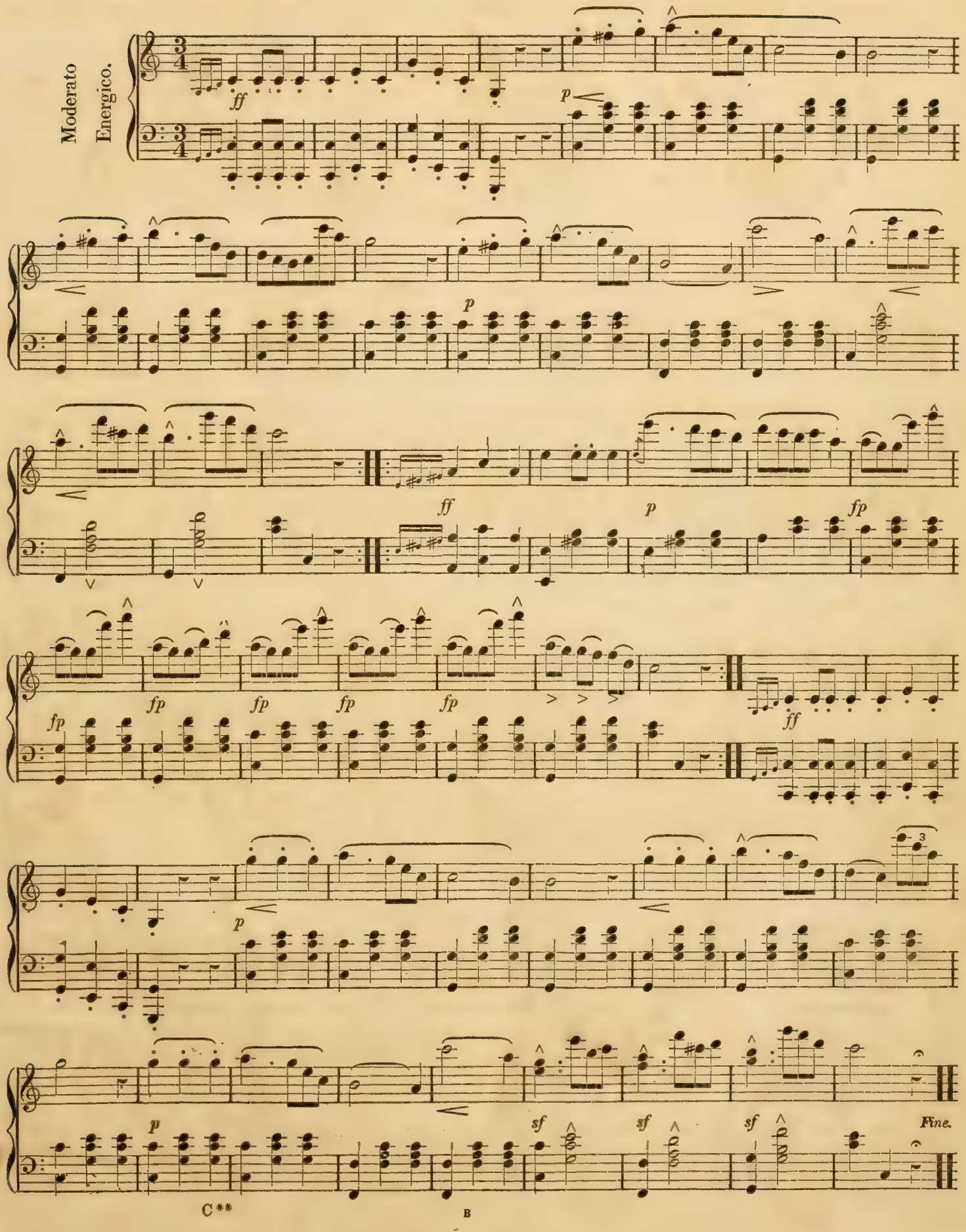
RETREAT QUICK-STEP.

ARRANGED FROM A SONG COMPOSED BY LOUISA PUGET.



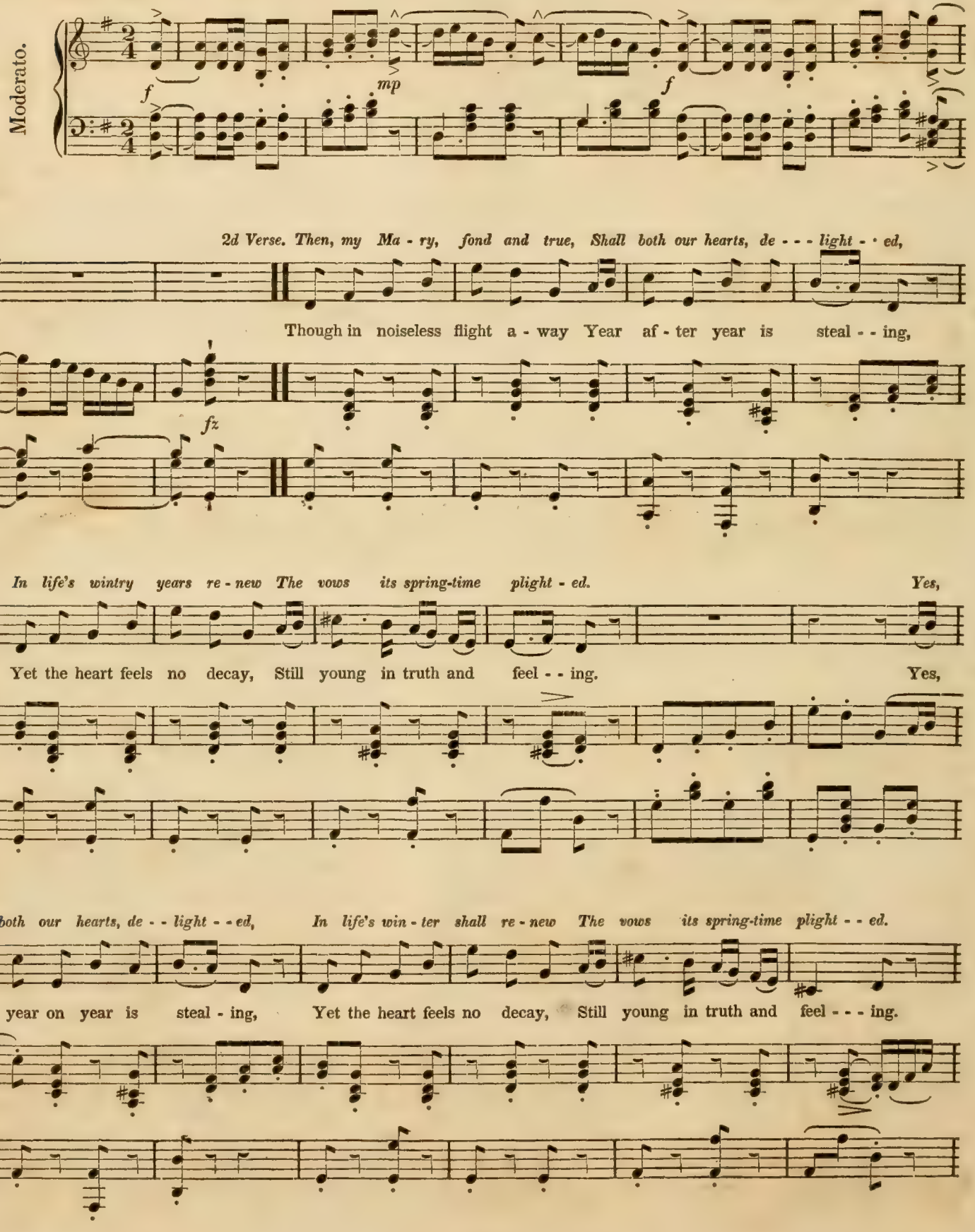
THE TRUMPET WALTZ.

J. Klemczynski.



SONG TO MY MARY.

WRITTEN BY W. G. WALTER, ESQ.; ADAPTED AND ARRANGED, TO A CELEBRATED AIR IN HEROLD'S OPERA OF ZAMPA, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND H. A. PEIRSOL, ESQ., BY CHARLES JARVIS.


Moderato.
f
mp
f
2d Verse. Then, my Ma - ry, fond and true, Shall both our hearts, de - - - light - - ed,
Though in noiseless flight a - way Year af - ter year is steal - - ing,
fz
In life's wintry years re - new The vows its spring-time plight - ed.
Yes,
Yet the heart feels no decay, Still young in truth and feel - - ing.
Yes,
both our hearts, de - - light - - ed,
In life's win - ter shall re - new The vows its spring-time plight - - ed.
year on year is steal - ing,
Yet the heart feels no decay, Still young in truth and feel - - - ing.

Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, Though dimm'd by years that eye appears, I will be near to wipe off its tears,

Year after year charms disappear, Year after year charms disappear, Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear,

p *p* *mf*

I will be near to wipe off its tears. Then, my Ma - ry, fond and true, Shall both our hearts, de - light - ed,

ritardo. *tempo.*

Eyes that were bright grow dimm'd with a tear. Yes, in noiseless flight a - way Year af - ter year is steal - ing,

diminuendo e ritardo. *pp* *tempo.*

In life's wintry years re - new The vows its spring-time plight - - ed.

Yet the heart feels no de - cay, Still young in truth and feel - - - ing.

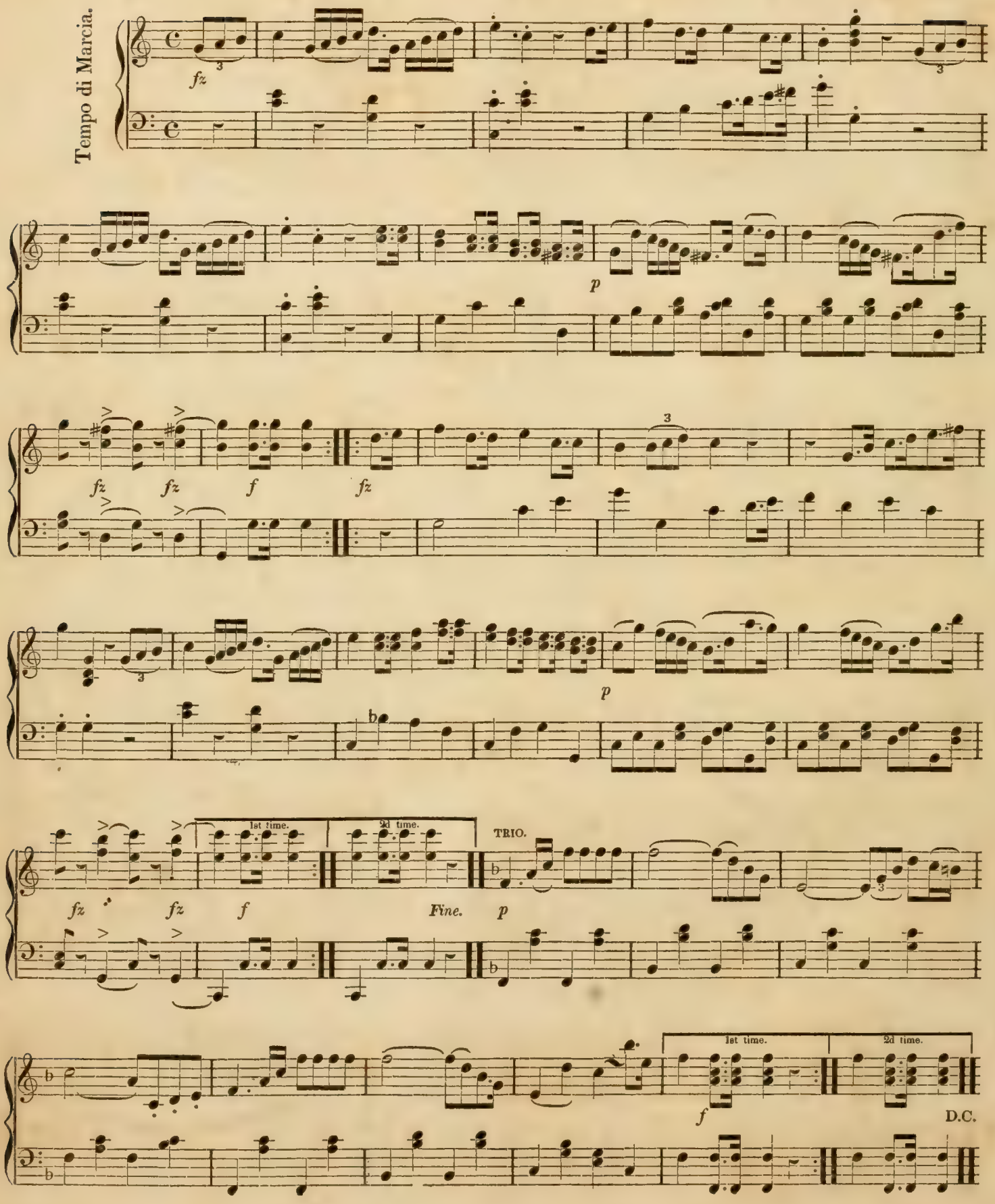
mf

cres. *fz*

C***

LADY'S PROMENADE MARCH.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. F. RUDOLPH.



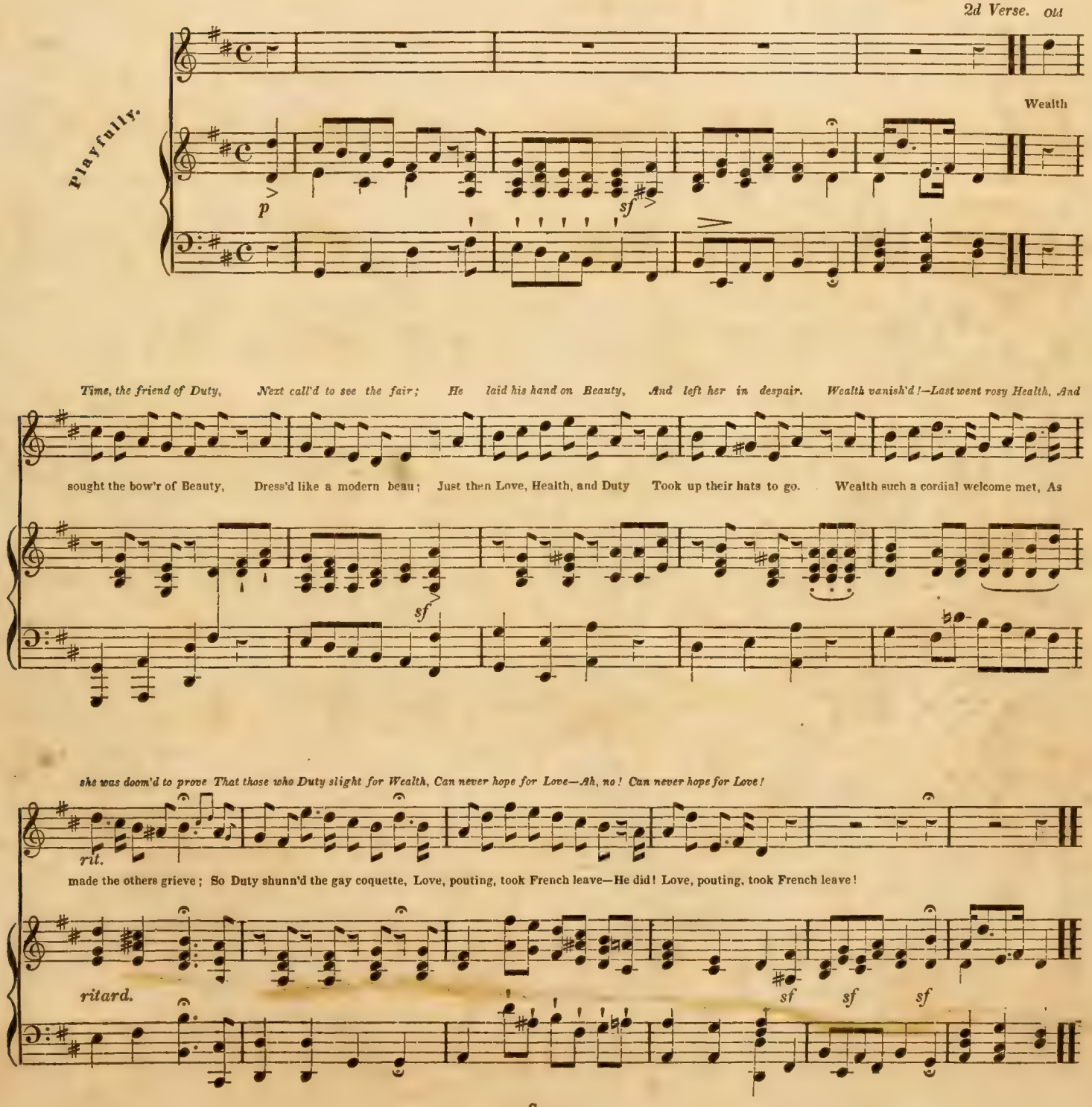
THE SUITORS....*A Ballad.*

THE POETRY BY GEORGE P. MORRIS—THE MUSIC BY CHARLES E. HORN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

LOUIS A. GODEY, ESQ.

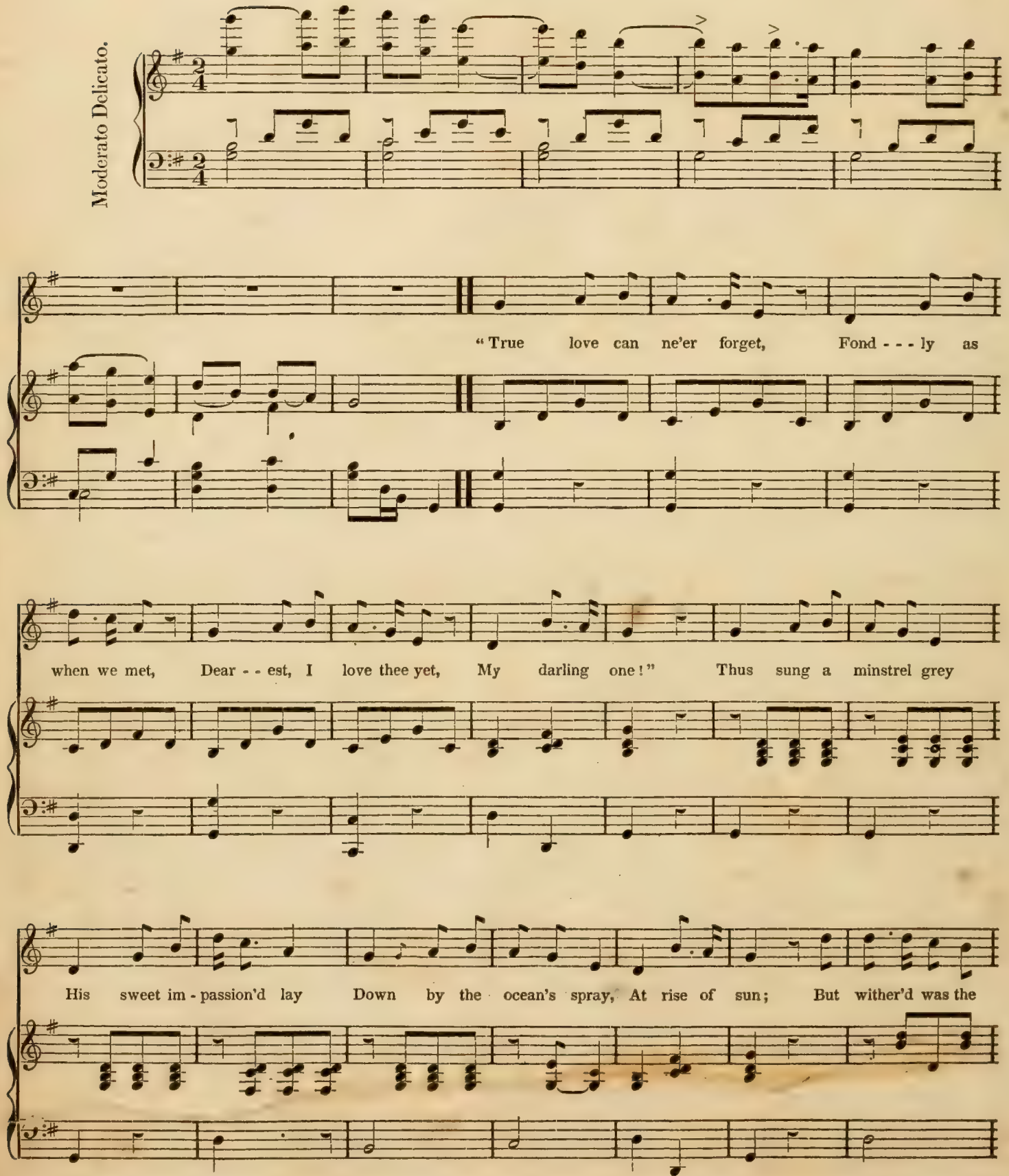
BY THE WRITER OF THE WORDS, AND THE COMPOSER OF THE MELODY.


2d Verse. old
playfully.
Wealth
p
sf
Time, the friend of Duty, Next call'd to see the fair; He laid his hand on Beauty, And left her in despair. Wealth vanish'd!—Last went rosy Health, And
sought the bow'r of Beauty, Dress'd like a modern beau; Just then Love, Health, and Duty Took up their hats to go. Wealth such a cordial welcome met, As
sf
she was doom'd to prove That those who Duty slight for Wealth, Can never hope for Love—Ah, no! Can never hope for Love!
rit.
made the others grieve; So Duty shunn'd the gay coquette, Love, pouting, took French leave—He did! Love, pouting, took French leave!
ritard.
sf
sf
sf

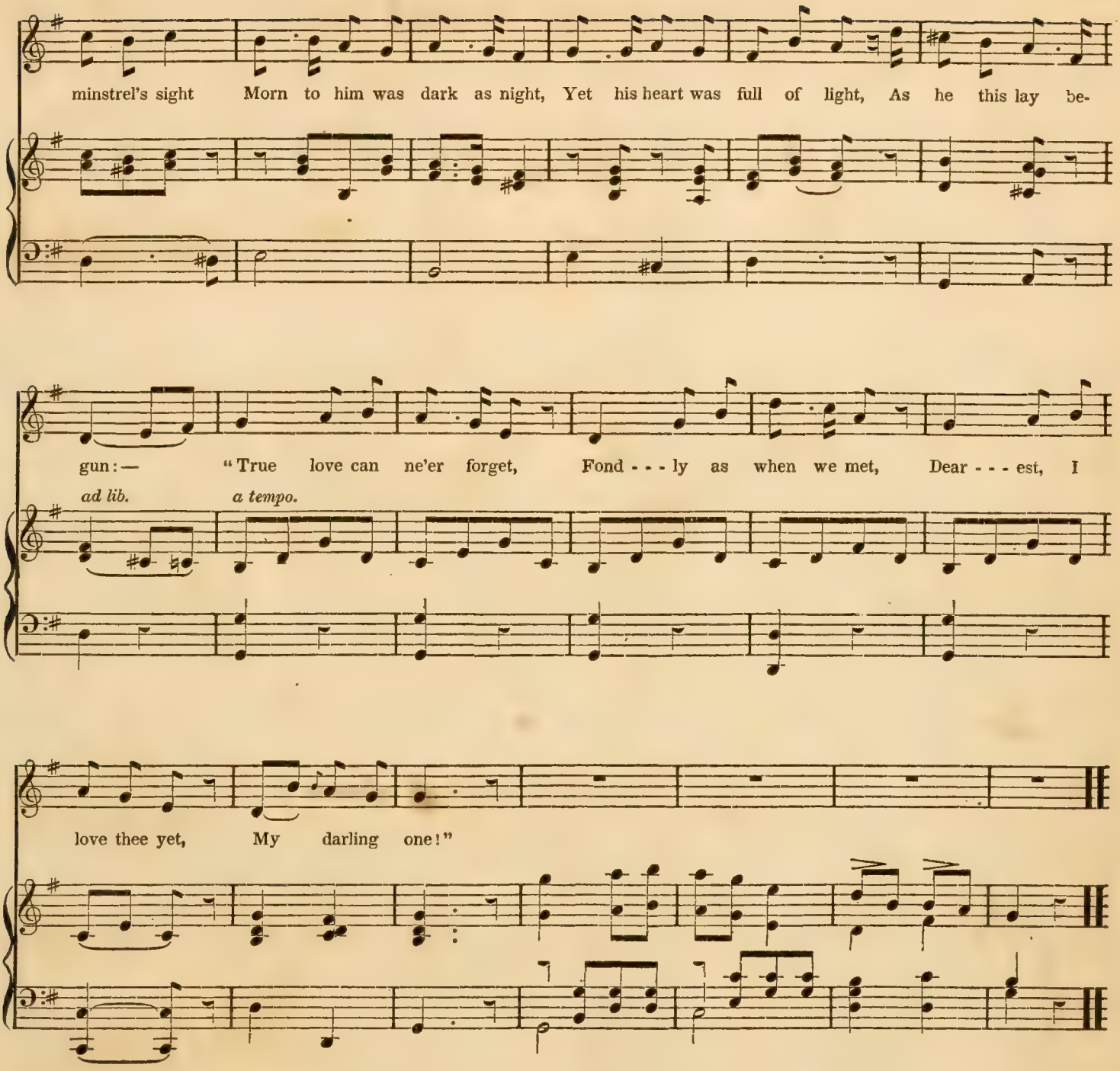
TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.*

[FROM THE SONGS OF THE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND.]

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. LOVER, ESQ.


Moderato Delicato.
"True love can ne'er forget, Fond - - - ly as
when we met, Dear - - est, I love thee yet, My darling one!" Thus sung a minstrel grey
His sweet im - passion'd lay Down by the ocean's spray, At rise of sun; But wither'd was the

* It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognised his first love by the touch of her hand.


minstrel's sight Morn to him was dark as night, Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be-
gun:— "True love can ne'er forget, Fond - - - ly as when we met, Dear - - - est, I
ad lib.
a tempo.
love thee yet, My darling one!"

2d Verse.

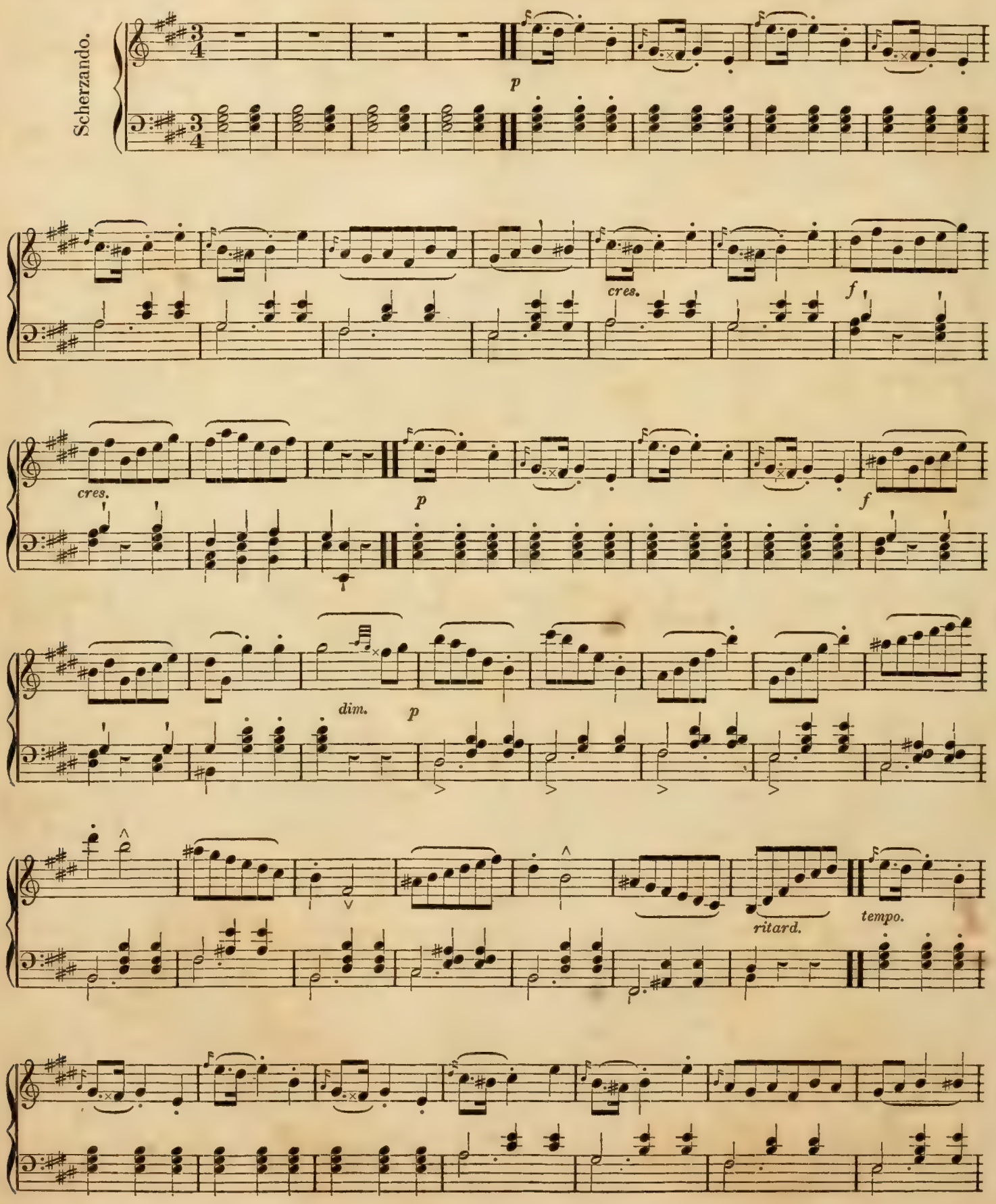
"Long years are past and o'er,
Since from this fatal shore,
Cold hearts and cold winds bore
My love from me."
Scarcely the minstrel spoke
When, quick, with flashing stroke,
A boat's light oar the silence broke,
Over the sea.
Soon upon her native strand
Doth a lovely lady land,
While the minstrel's love-taught hand
Did o'er his sweet harp run.
"True love can ne'er forget,
Fondly, as when we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one."

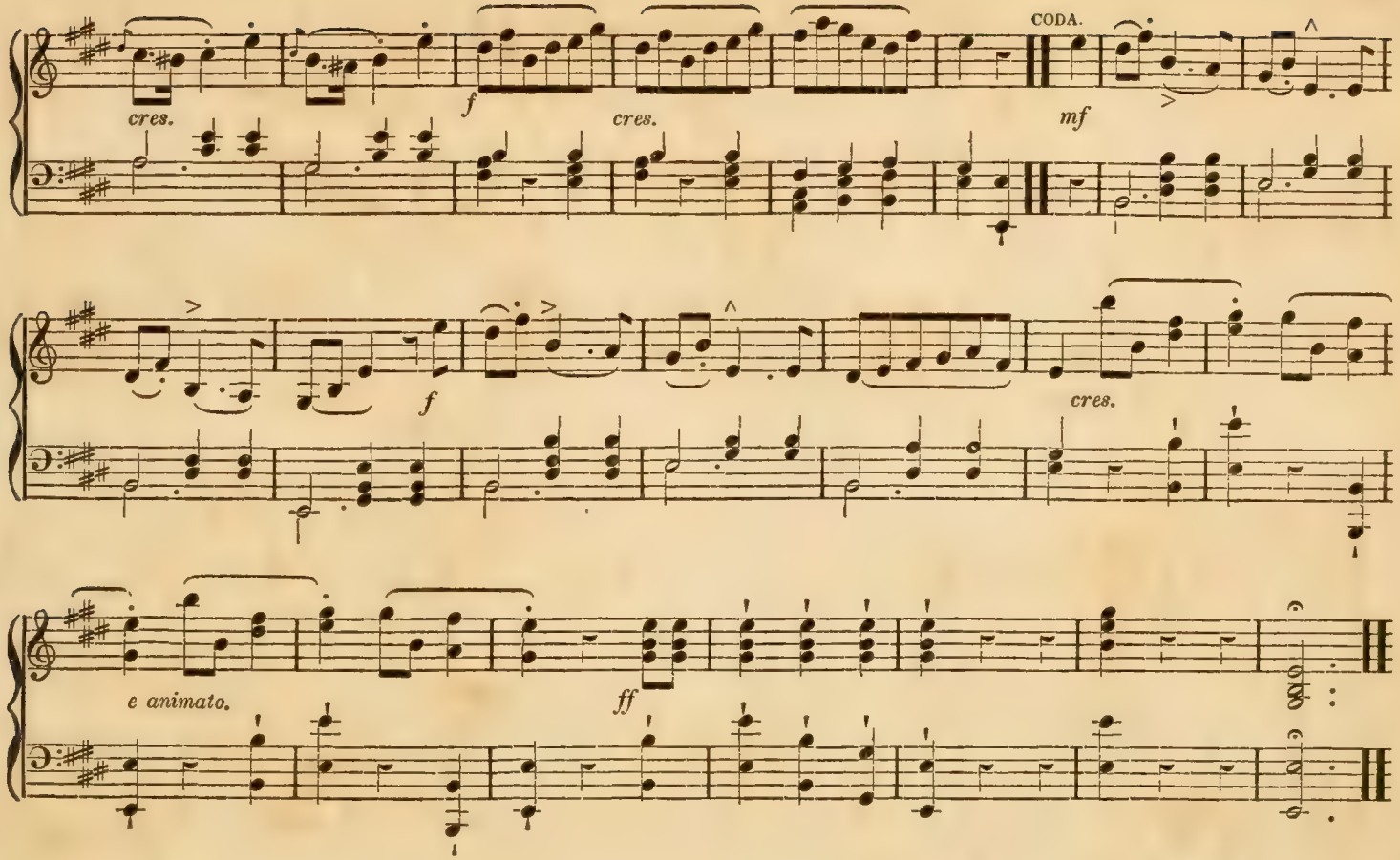
3d Verse.

Where the minstrel sat alone
There that lady fair hath gone;
Within his hand she placed her own;
The bard dropt on his knee:
From his lips soft blessings came,
He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
In trembling tones he named her name,
Though her he could not see;
But, oh! the touch the bard could tell
Of that dear hand remember'd well;
Ah! by many a secret spell
Can true love trace his own;
For true love can ne'er forget:
Fondly, as when they met,
He loved his lady yet,
His darling one.

CALEDONIAN WALTZ.

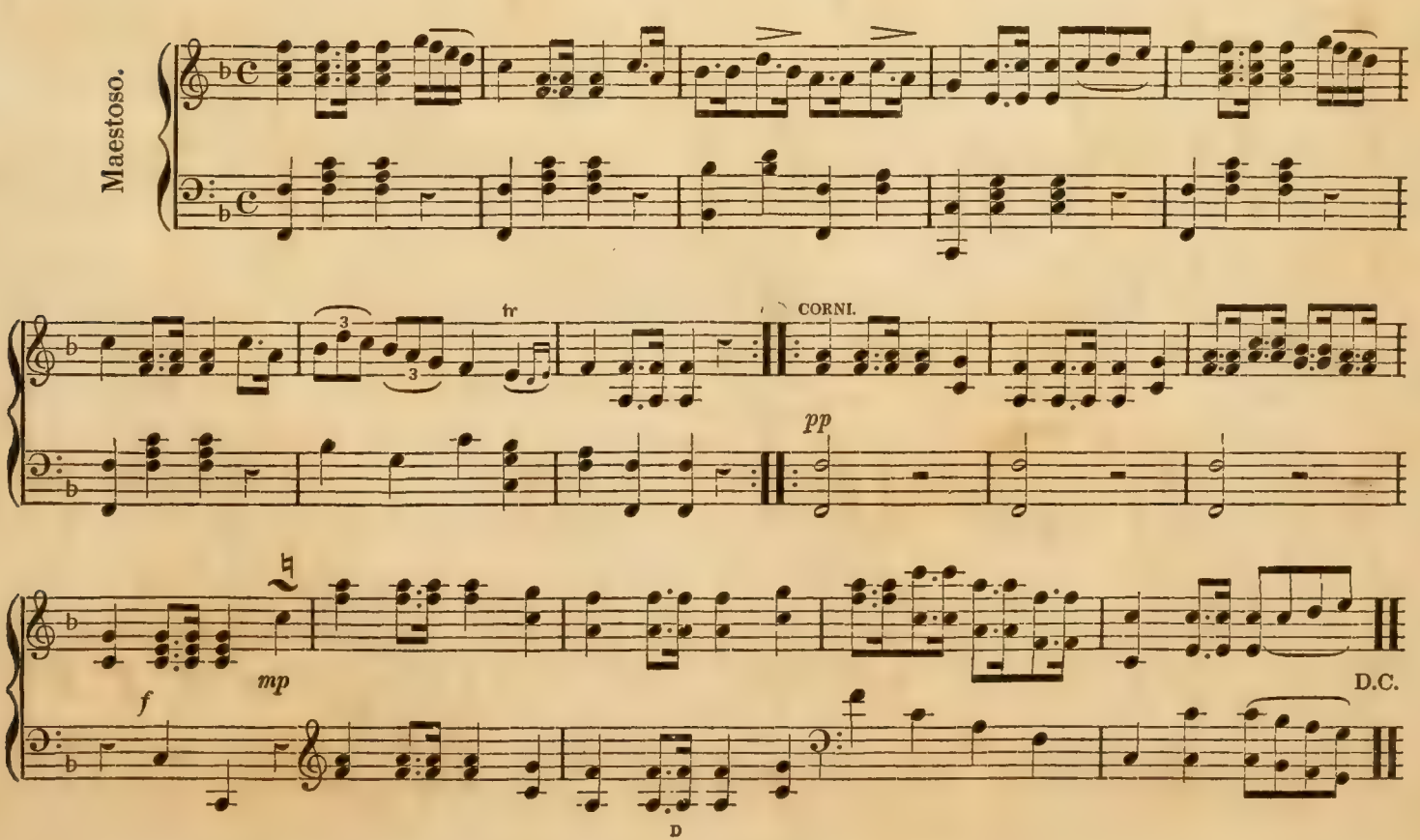
[PERFORMED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MR. G. KNOOP, ON THE VIOLINCELLO, AT THE MUSICAL FUND CONCERTS.]





LOUISVILLE MARCH.

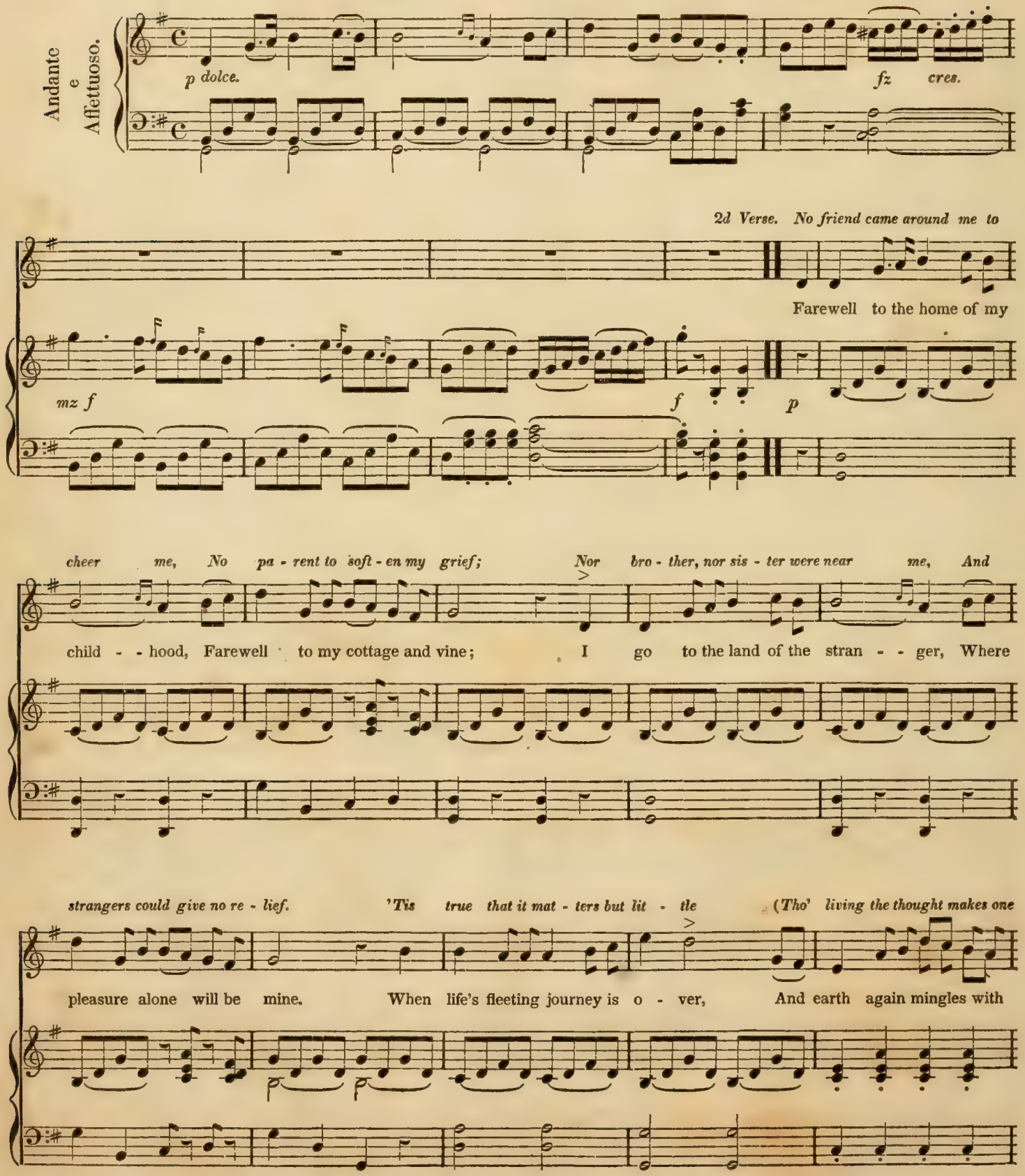
W. C. P.

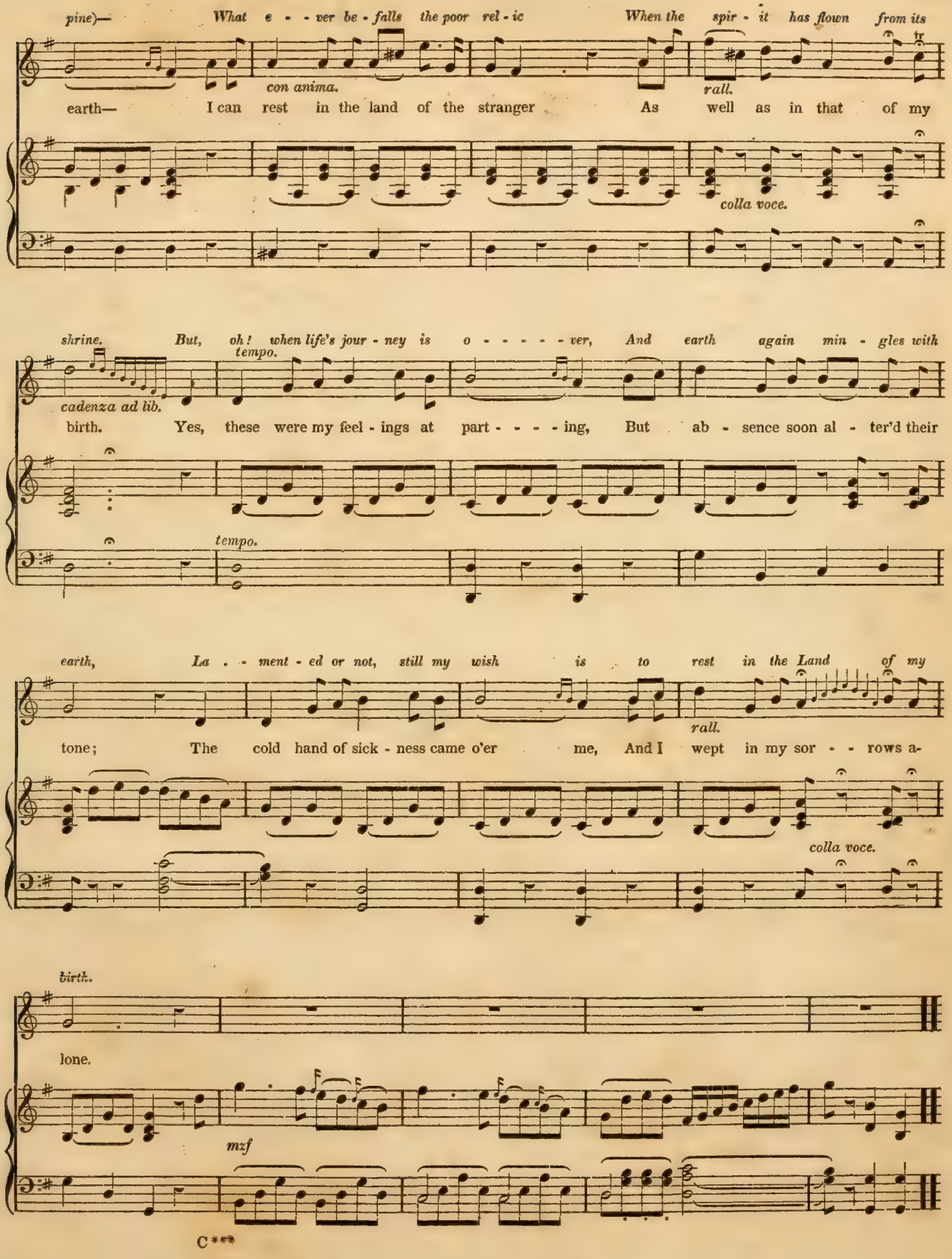


THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

[SUNG BY MR. BISHOP.]

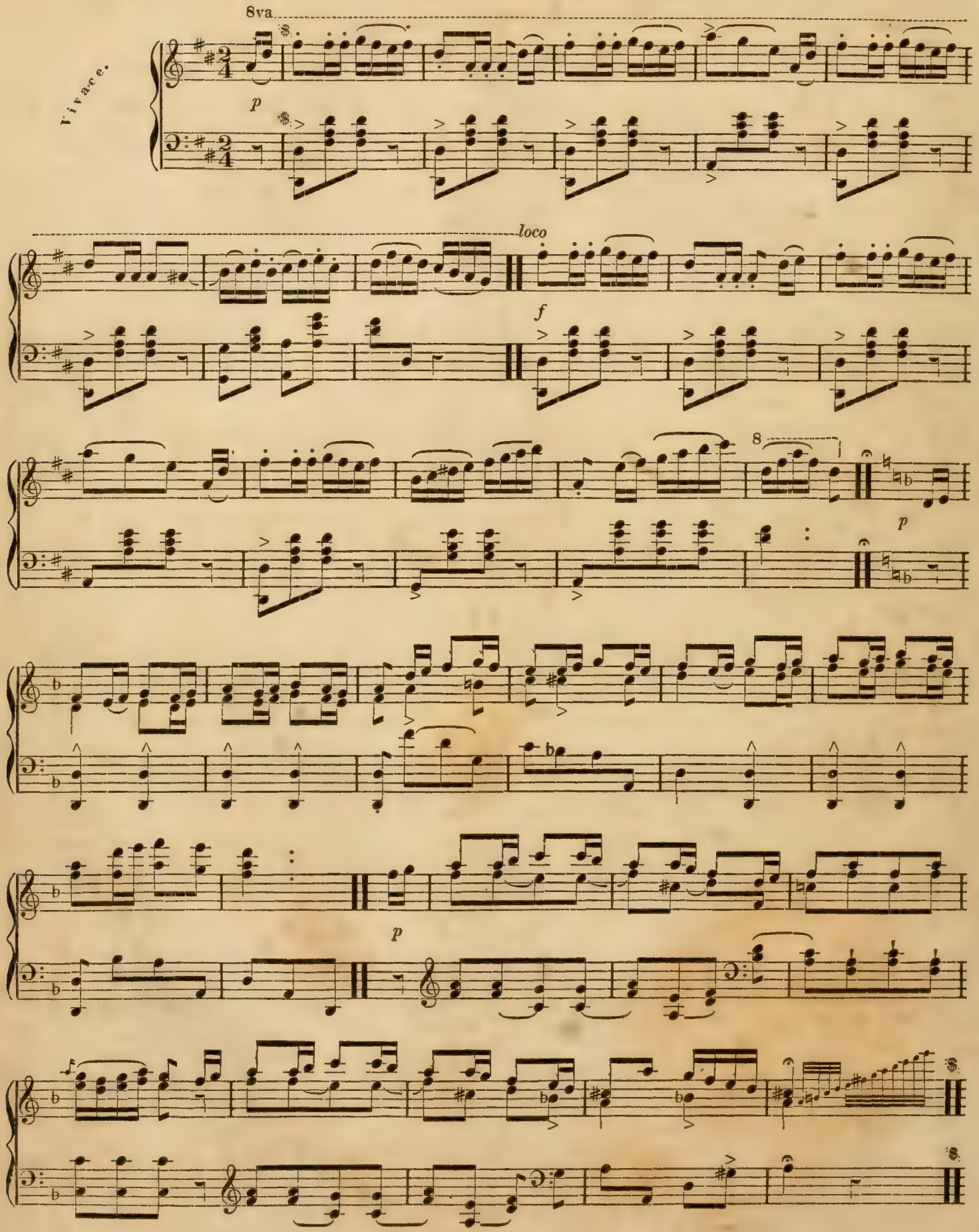
WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, COMPOSED BY J. HARROWAY.


Andante e Affettuoso.
p dolce.
fz cres.
2d Verse. No friend came around me to
Farewell to the home of my
mz f
f
p
cheer me, No pa - rent to soft - en my grief; Nor bro - ther, nor sis - ter were near me, And
child - - hood, Farewell to my cottage and vine; I go to the land of the stran - - ger, Where
strangers could give no re - lief. 'Tis true that it mat - ters but lit - tle (Tho' living the thought makes one
pleasure alone will be mine. When life's fleeting journey is o - ver, And earth again mingles with


pine)— What e - - ver be - falls the poor rel - ic When the spir - it has flown from its
con anima.
rall.
earth— I can rest in the land of the stranger As well as in that of my
colla voce.
shrine. But, oh! when life's jour - ney is o - - - - - ver, And earth again min - gles with
tempo.
cadenza ad lib.
birth. Yes, these were my feel - ings at part - - - - ing, But ab - sence soon al - ter'd their
tempo.
earth, La - - ment - ed or not, still my wish is to rest in the Land of my
rall.
tone; The cold hand of sick - ness came o'er me, And I wept in my sor - - rows a-
colla voce.
birth.
lone.
mzf
C***

THE BRILLIANT....*A Quadrille.*

Moschelles.

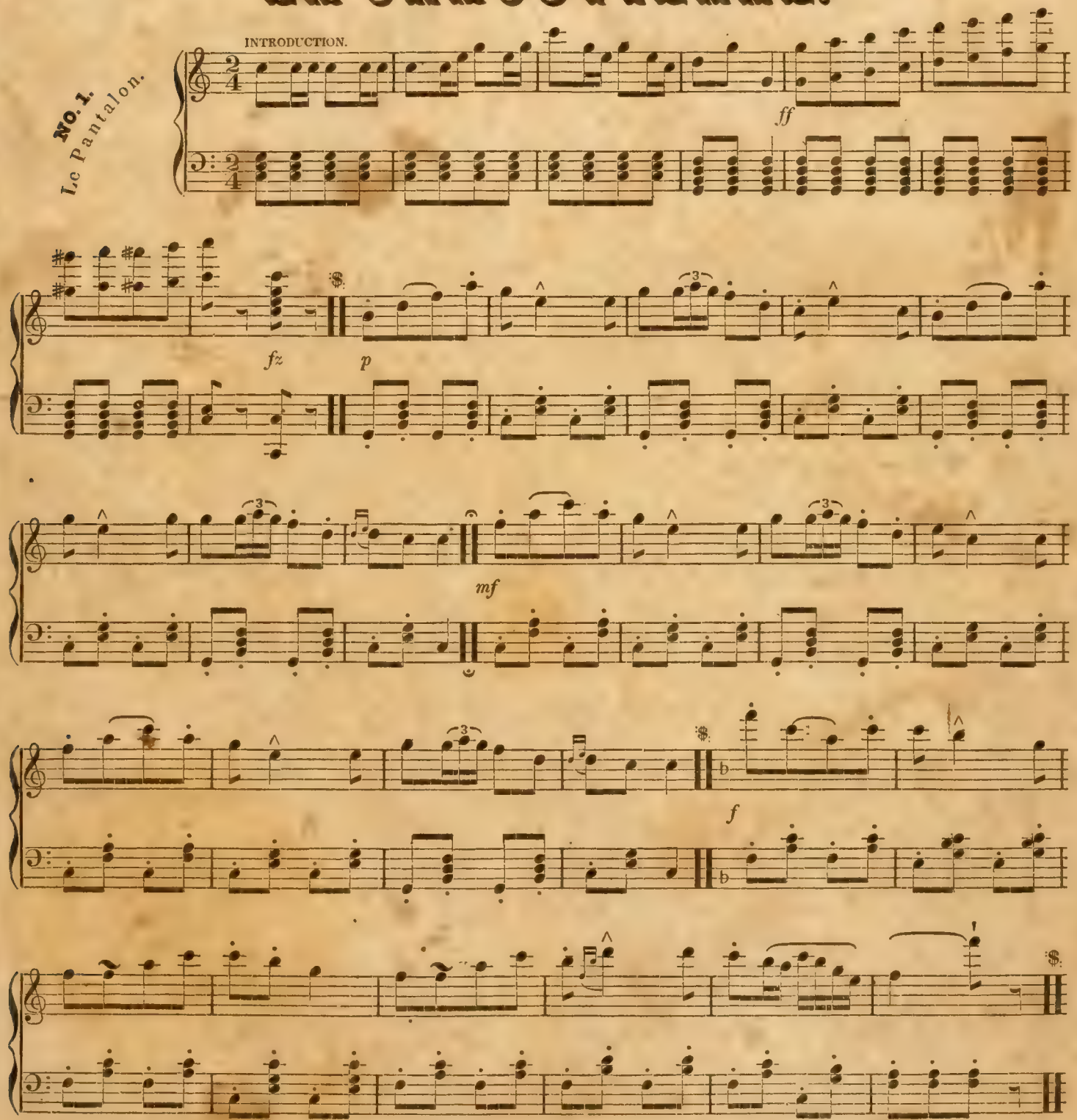


THE ELSSLER QUADRILLES.

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS,

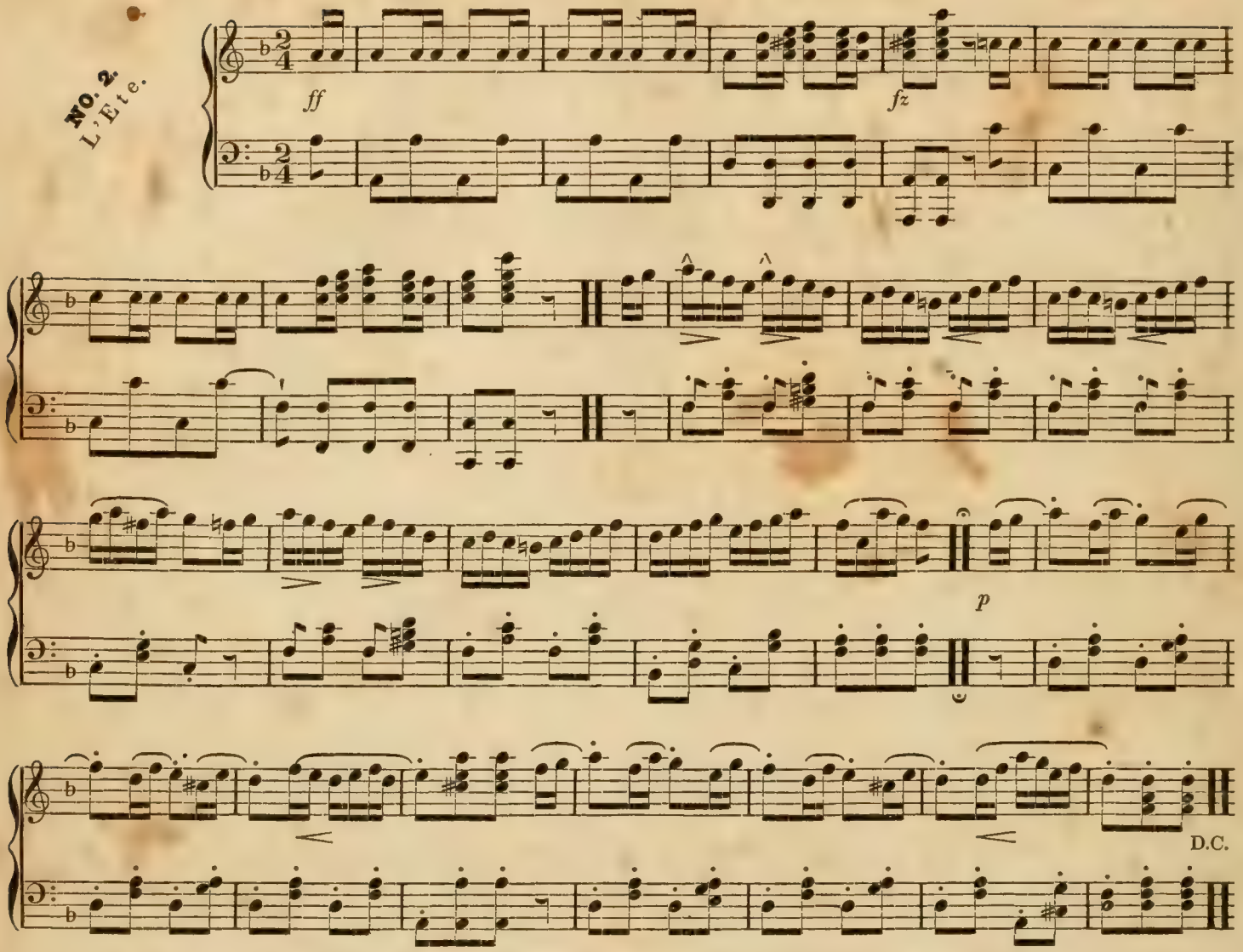
AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS HELEN M. COLTON.

LA CRACOVIENNE.



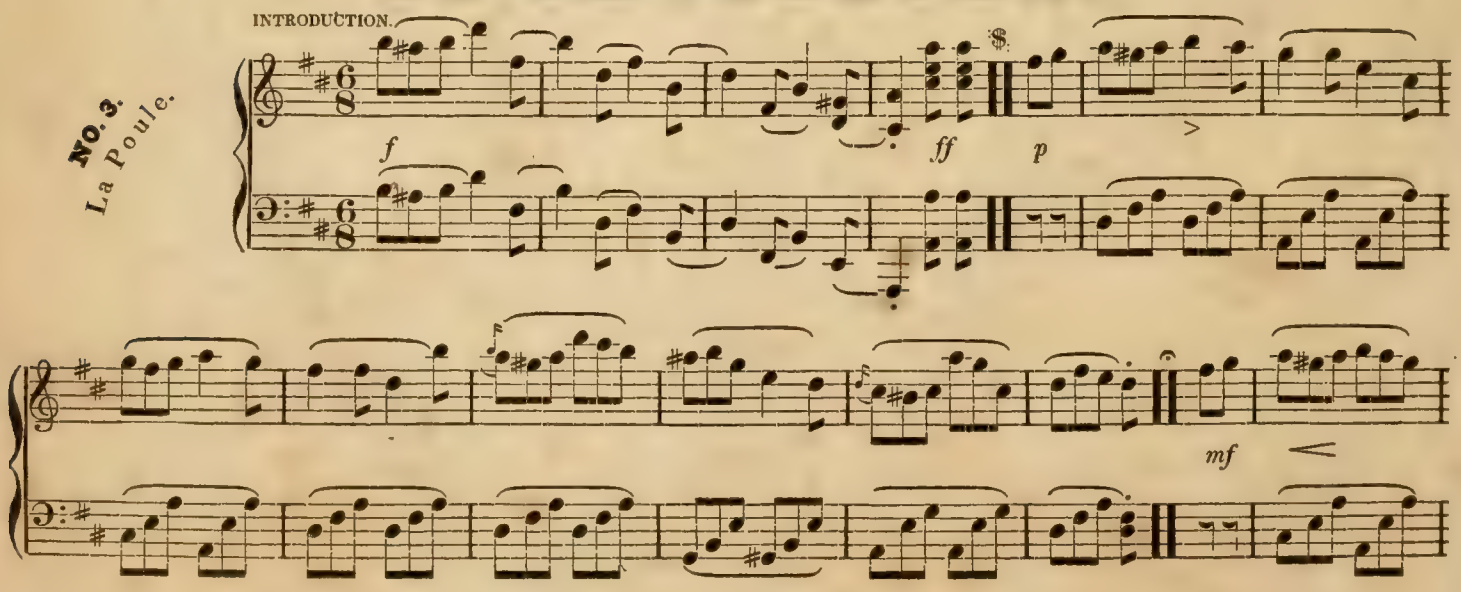
Chassé all—Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to place—Balancé.

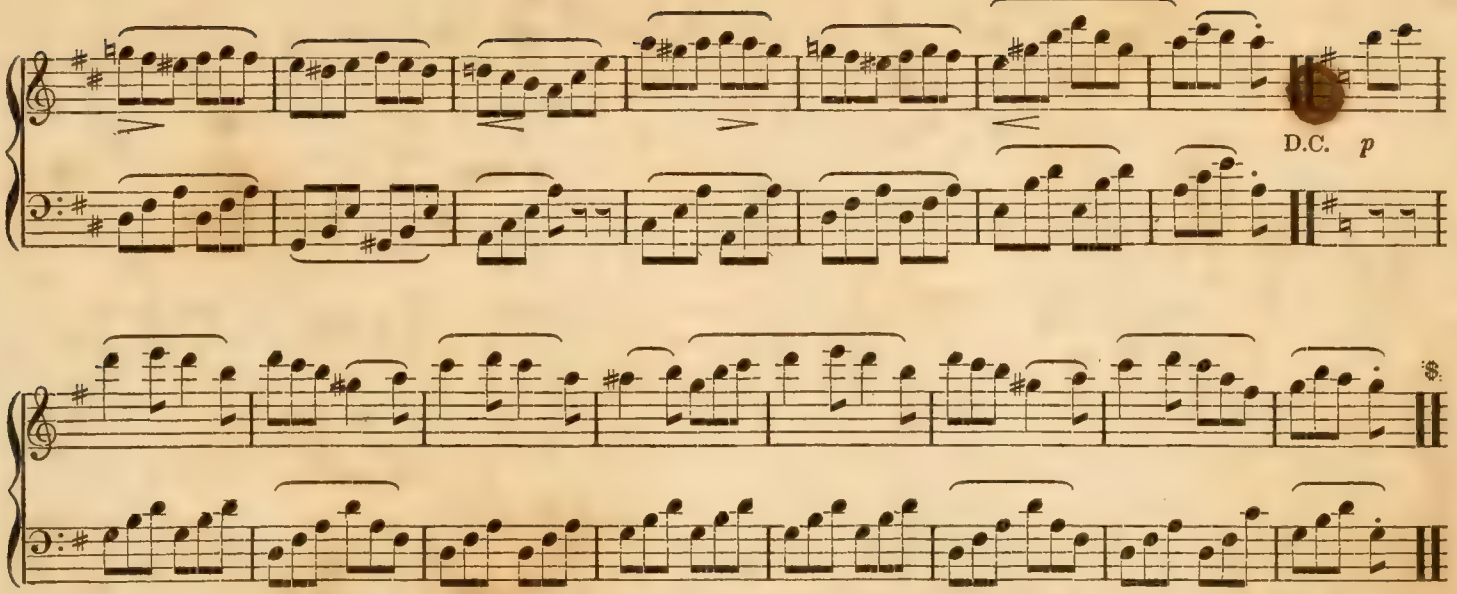
LA TARENTULE.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassé and cross to place—Balancé and turn partners.

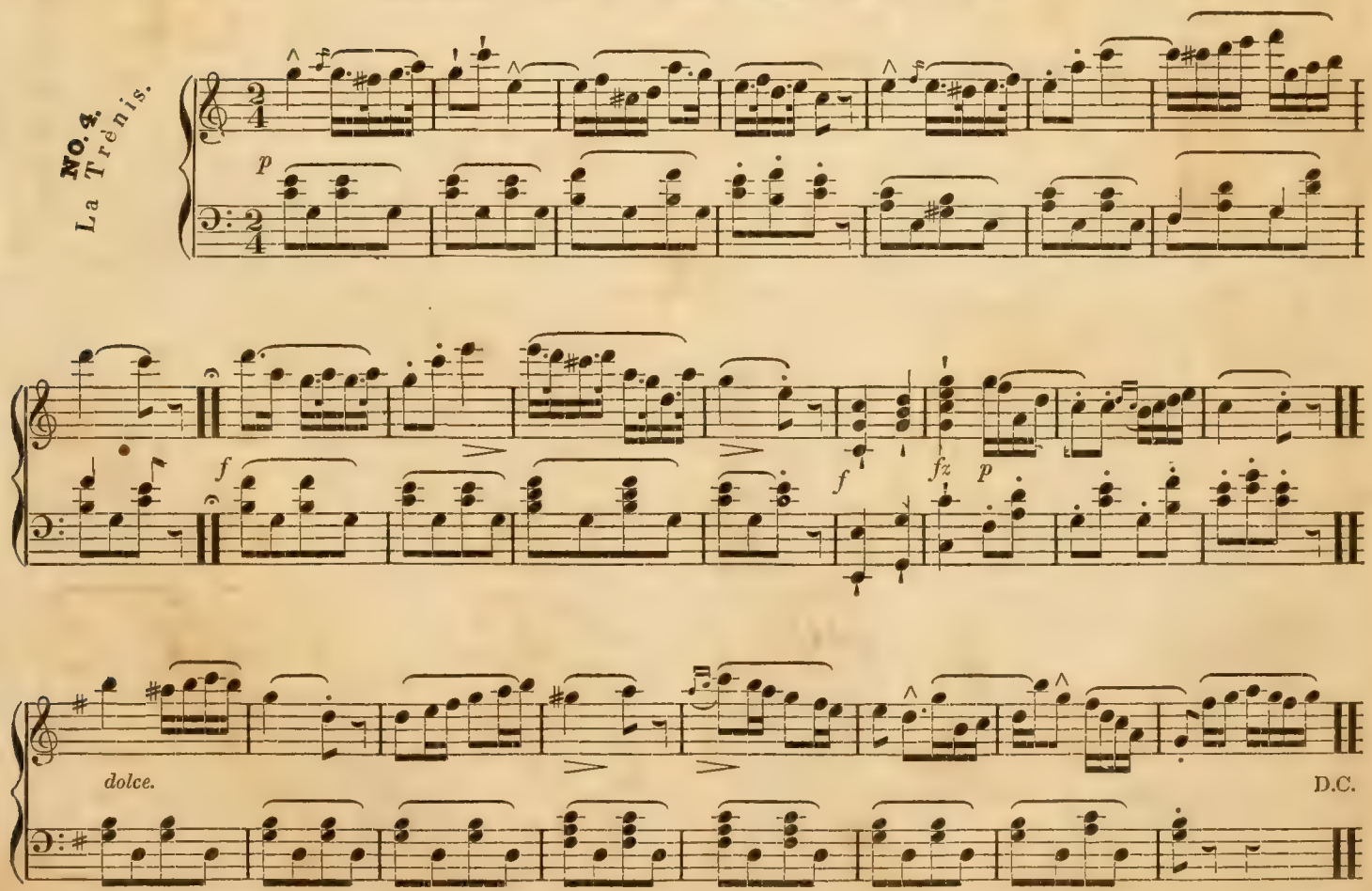
LA SMOLENSKA.





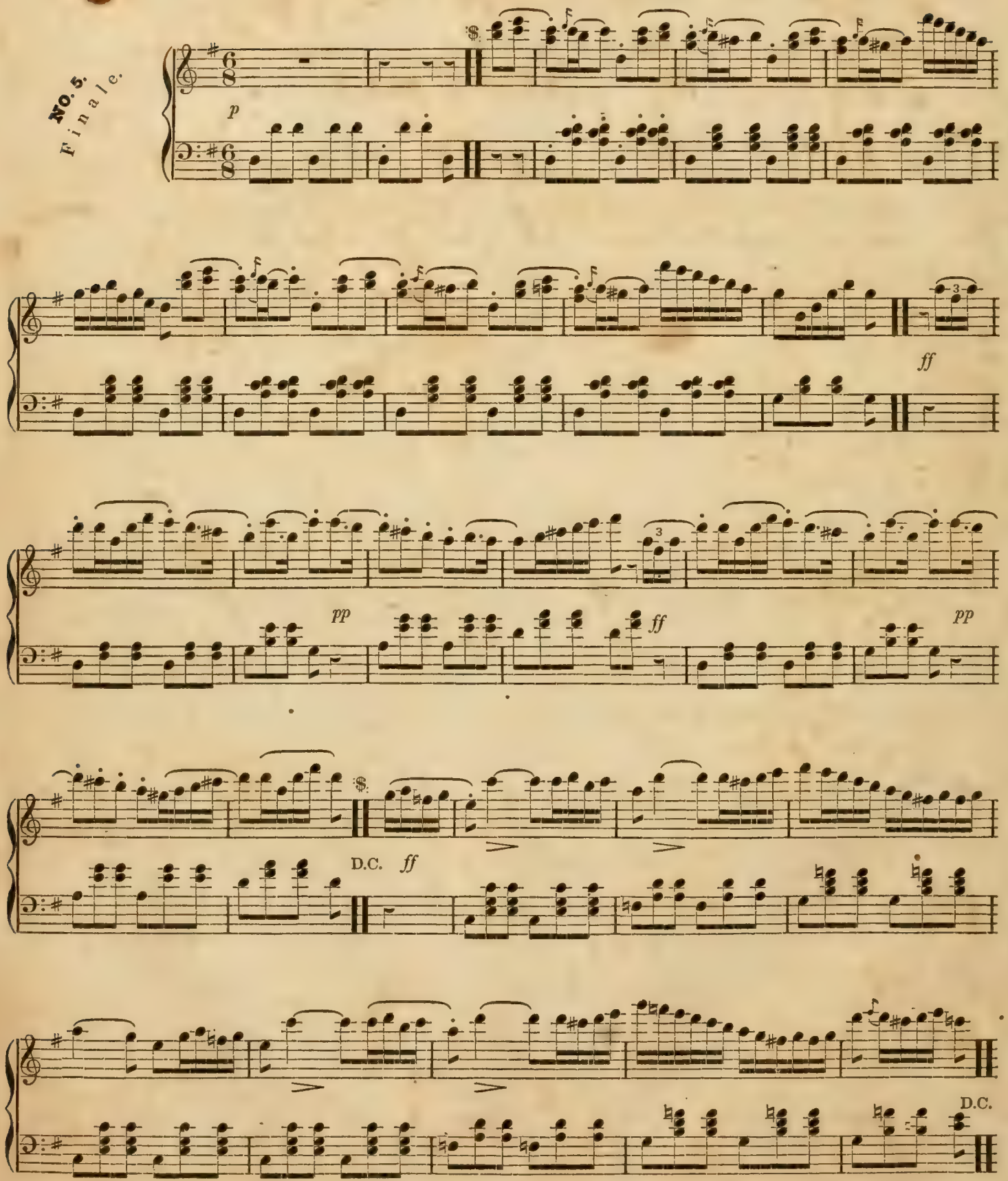
Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé on a line and half promenade—Forward two and back—Half right and left to places—Swing corners.

LA SYLPHIDE.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassé—Cross to places—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round and half right and left to places.

EL JALEO DE JEREZ.

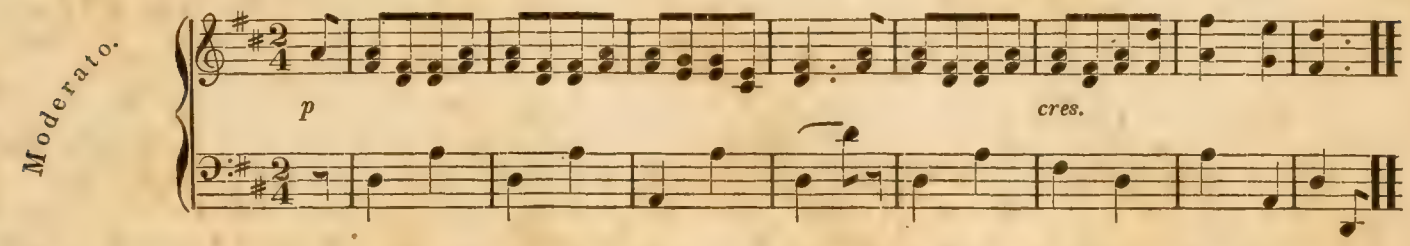


Forward four and back—Half right and left—Side couples the same—Chassé all and change partners—Promenade half round—Repeat till partners meet.

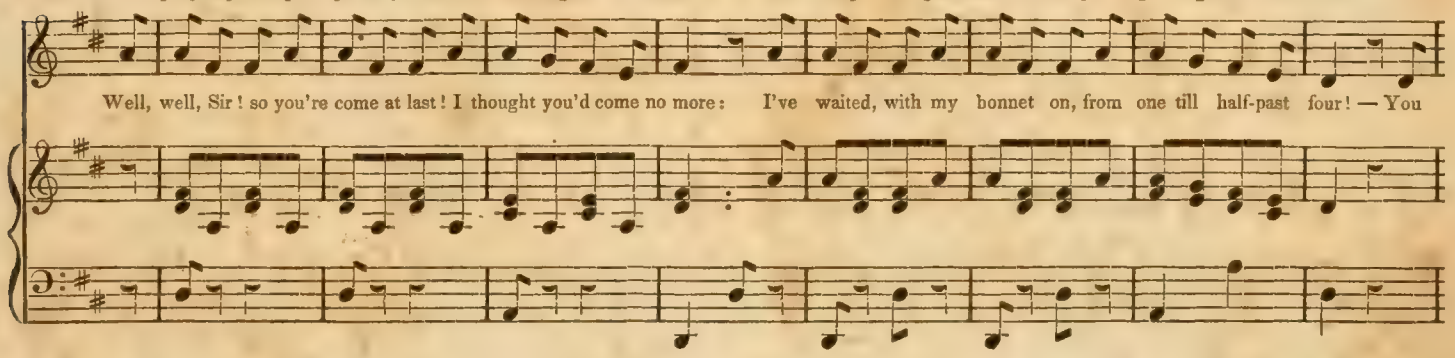
FANNY GREY.

A BALLAD OF REAL LIFE,

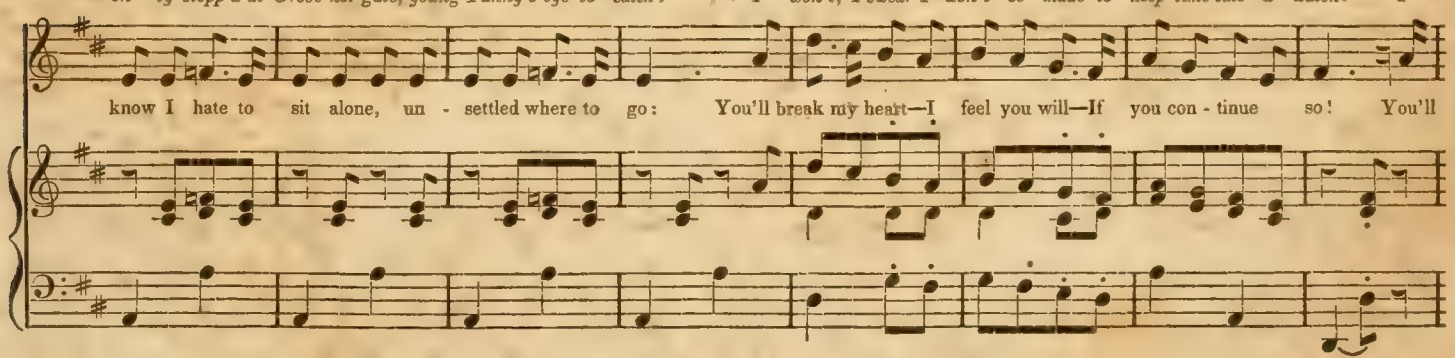
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



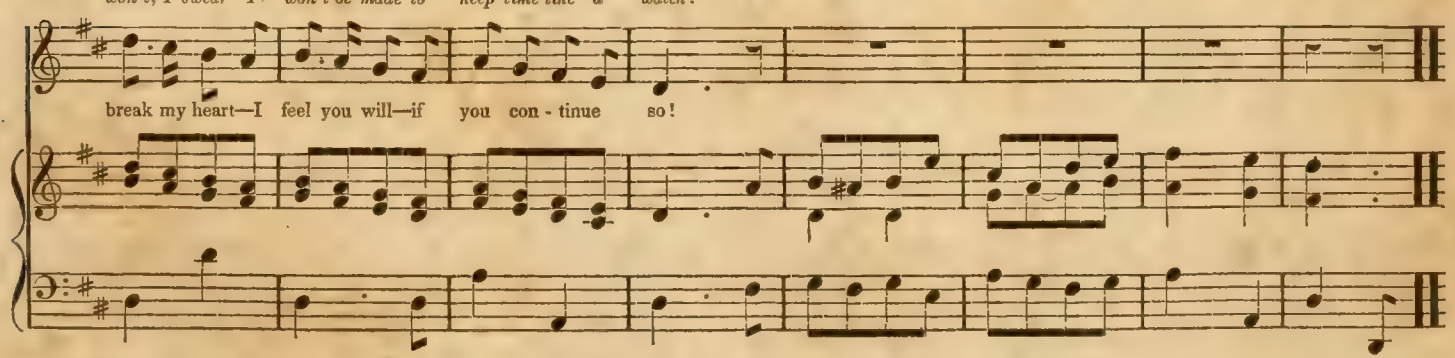
2d V. "*Now pray, my love, put by that frown, and don't begin to scold! You really will persuade me soon you're growing cross and old.— I*



on - ly stopp'd at Grosv'nor gate, young Fanny's eye to catch: I won't, I swear I won't be made to keep time like a watch! I



won't, I swear I won't be made to keep time like a watch!"



3d Verse.

It took you, then, two hours to bow? Two hours!—Take off your hat;
I wish you'd bow that way to me;—and apropos of that,—
I saw you making love to her—(You see I know it all!)
‖: I saw you making love to her, at Lady Glossop's ball!" :‖

4th Verse.

"Now really, Jane, your temper is so very odd to-day!
You jealous,—and of such a girl as little Fanny Grey!
Make love to her! Indeed, my dear, you could see no such thing;
‖: I sat a minute by her side, to see a turquoise ring!" :‖

5th Verse.

"I tell you that I saw it all, the whisp'ring and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting, in her little foolish face,
Oh! Charles, I wonder that the earth don't open, where you stand—
‖: By the heav'n that is above us both, I saw you kiss her hand!":‖

6th Verse.

"I didn't love! Or if I did,—allowing that 'tis true,—
When a pretty woman shows her rings, what can a poor man do?
My life, my soul, my darling Jane! I love but you alone,
‖: I never thought of Fanny Grey—(How tiresome she's grown)!" :‖

7th Verse.

"Put down your hat,—don't take your stick!—Now prithee, Charles, do stay!
You never come to see me now, but you long to run away;
There was a time, there was a time, you never wish'd to go.—
‖: What have I done, what have I done, dear Charles, to change you so?" :‖

8th Verse.

"Pooh, pooh, my love! I am not changed—but dinner is at eight;
And my father's so particular, he never likes to wait:
Good bye!" "Good bye! You'll come again?" "Yes, one of these fine days!"
‖: "He's turn'd the street—I knew he would—He's gone to Fanny Grey's!" :‖

THE MOONLIT DELL.

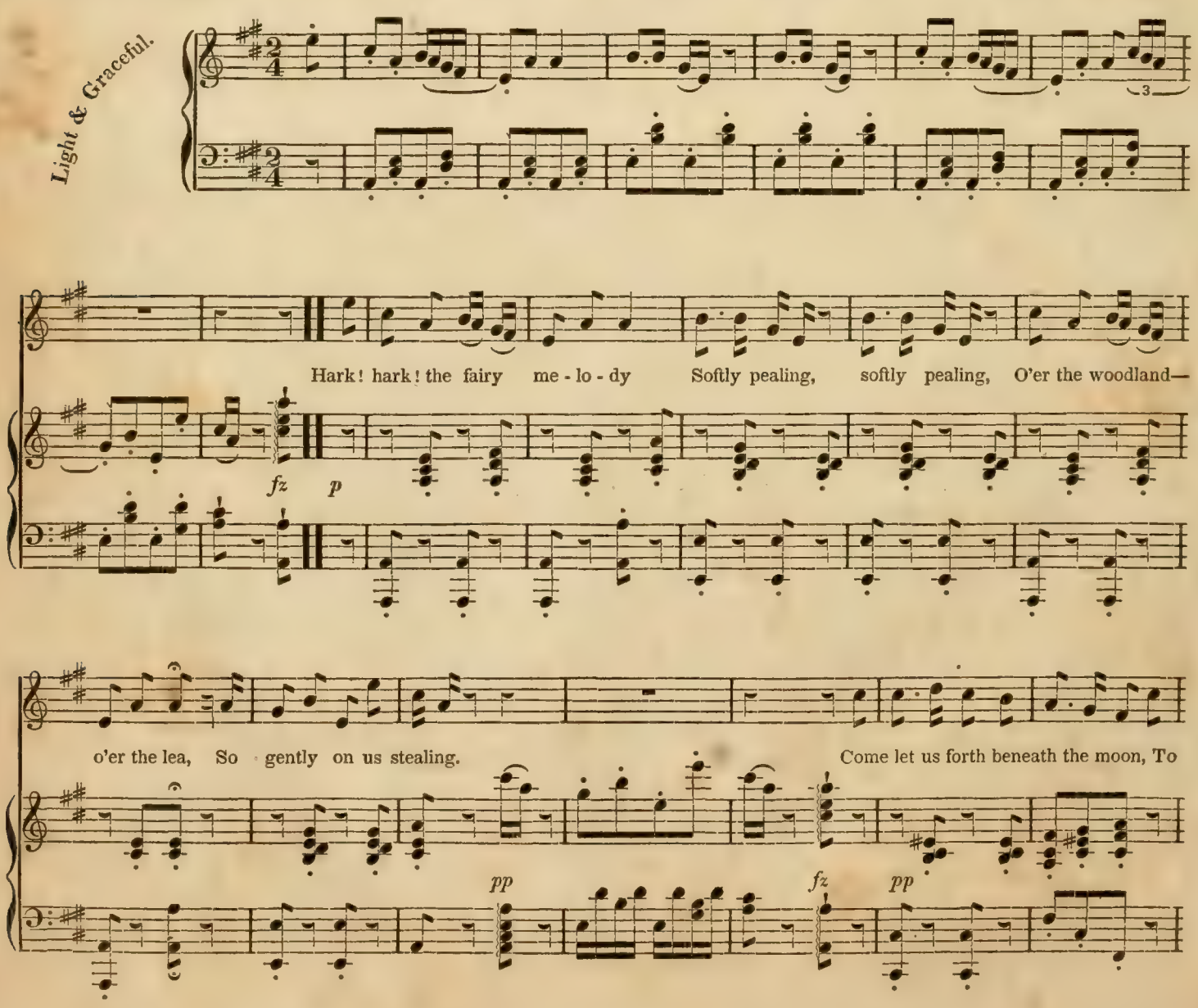
Song

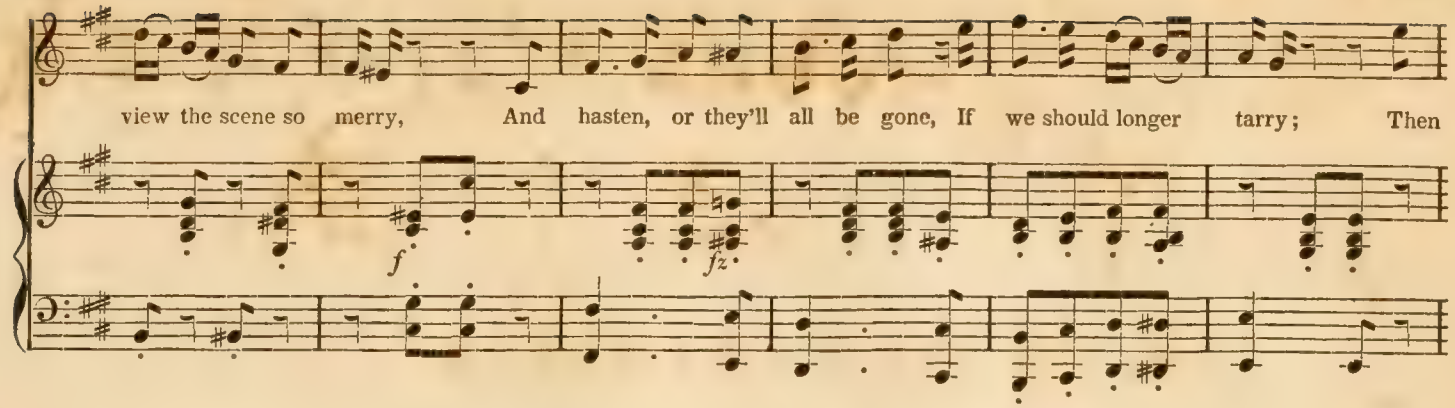
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

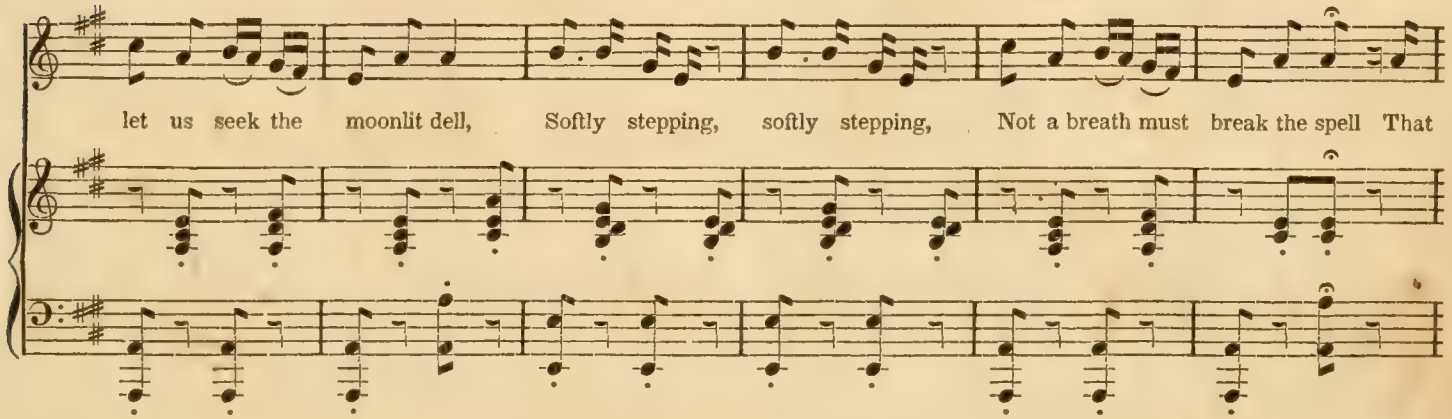
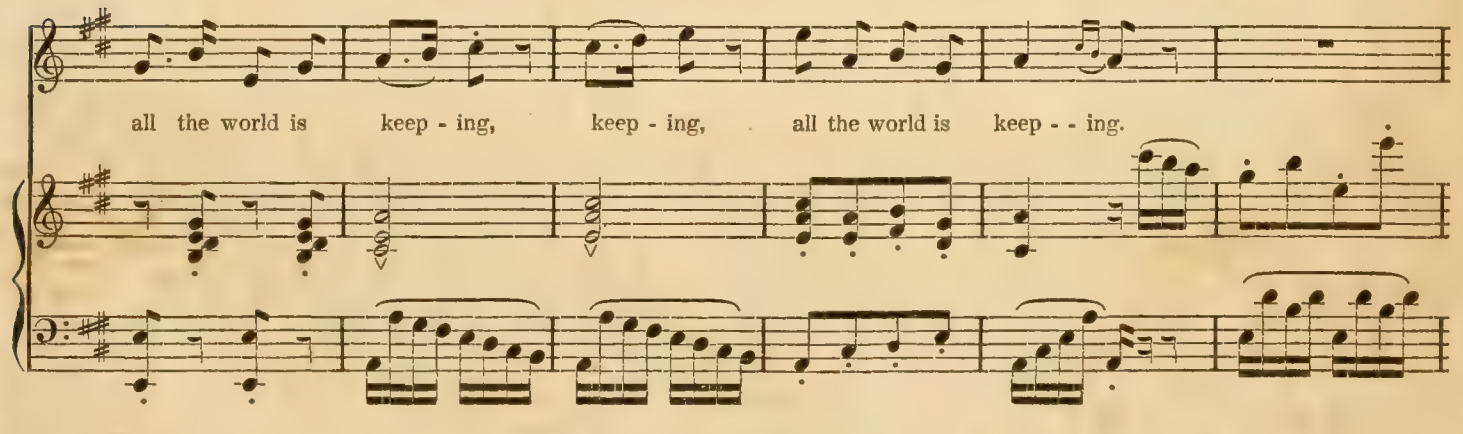
AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO MISS ANNIE S. CRAWFORD,

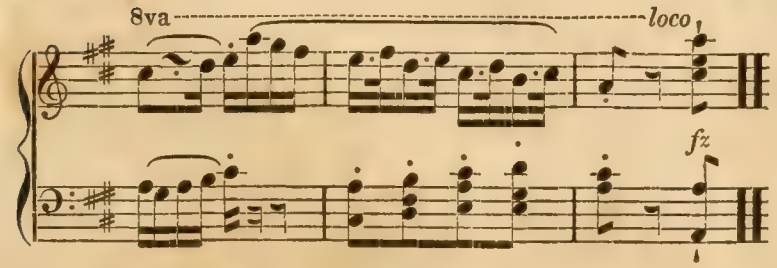
BY M. H. R.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY C. JARVIS.—MUSIC BY G. RIMBAULT.


Light & Graceful.
Hark! hark! the fairy me - lo - dy Softly pealing, softly pealing, O'er the woodland—
fz
p
o'er the lea, So gently on us stealing.
Come let us forth beneath the moon, To
pp
fz
pp







2d Verse.

See! see, they come—the elfin train,
Tripping lightly—tripping lightly,
On the soft and velvet green,
While stars are shining brightly;
Not a sound must now betray
That mortals near them hover,
A breath would fright the elves away,
If they our forms discover.
Then let us seek, &c.

3d Verse.

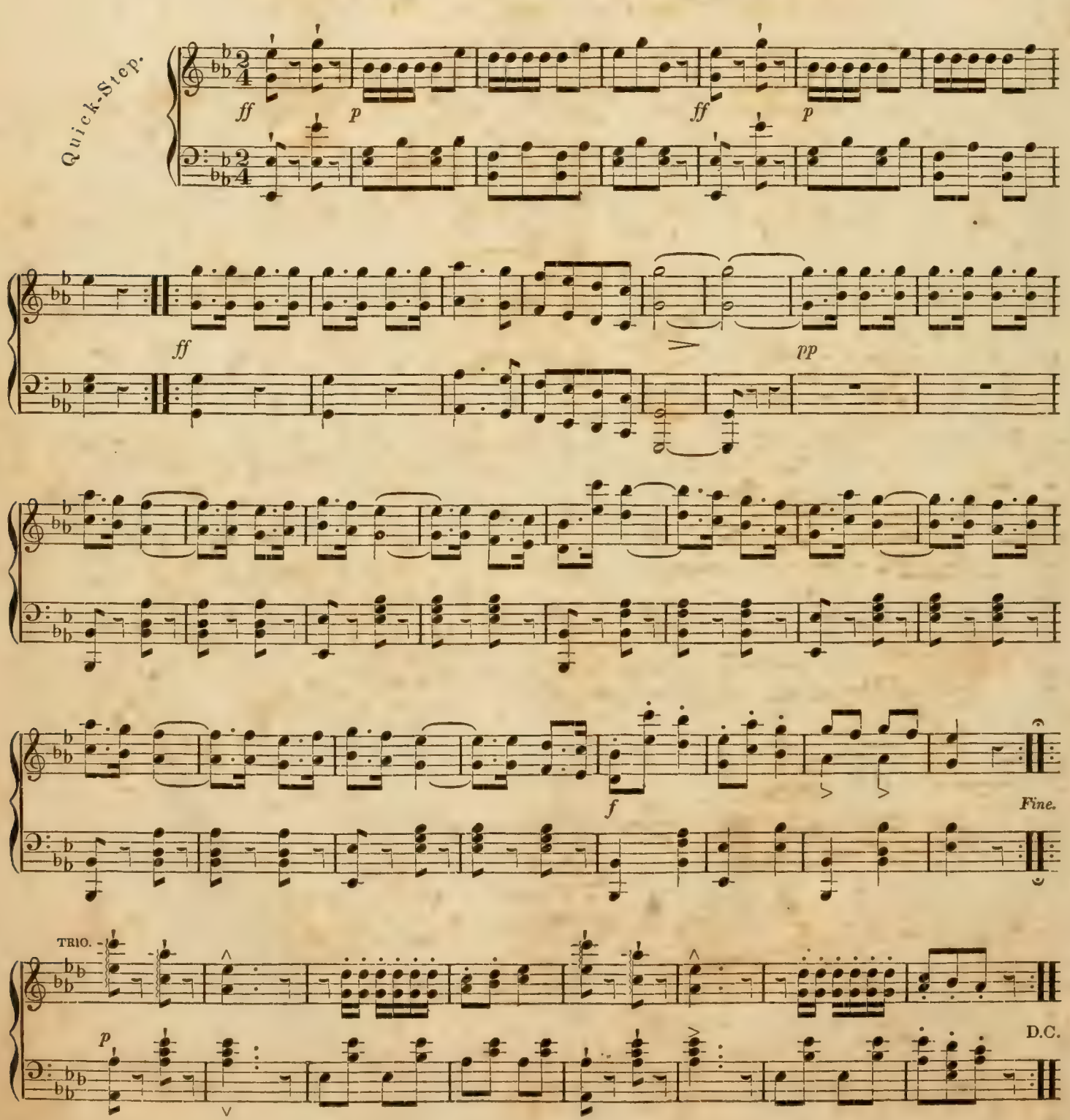
The morning dawns—but ere the light
Gently breaking—gently breaking,
Through the darkling shades of night,
The woodland songsters waking,
The dance is o'er—the elves have fled,
Yet still afar are stealing
Sweet strains from every mossy bed,
Their hiding-place revealing;
Then let us quit the lonely dell,
They are sleeping—they are sleeping,
Morn hath broke the magic spell
That all the earth was keeping.

MOUNTAIN QUICK-STEP.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

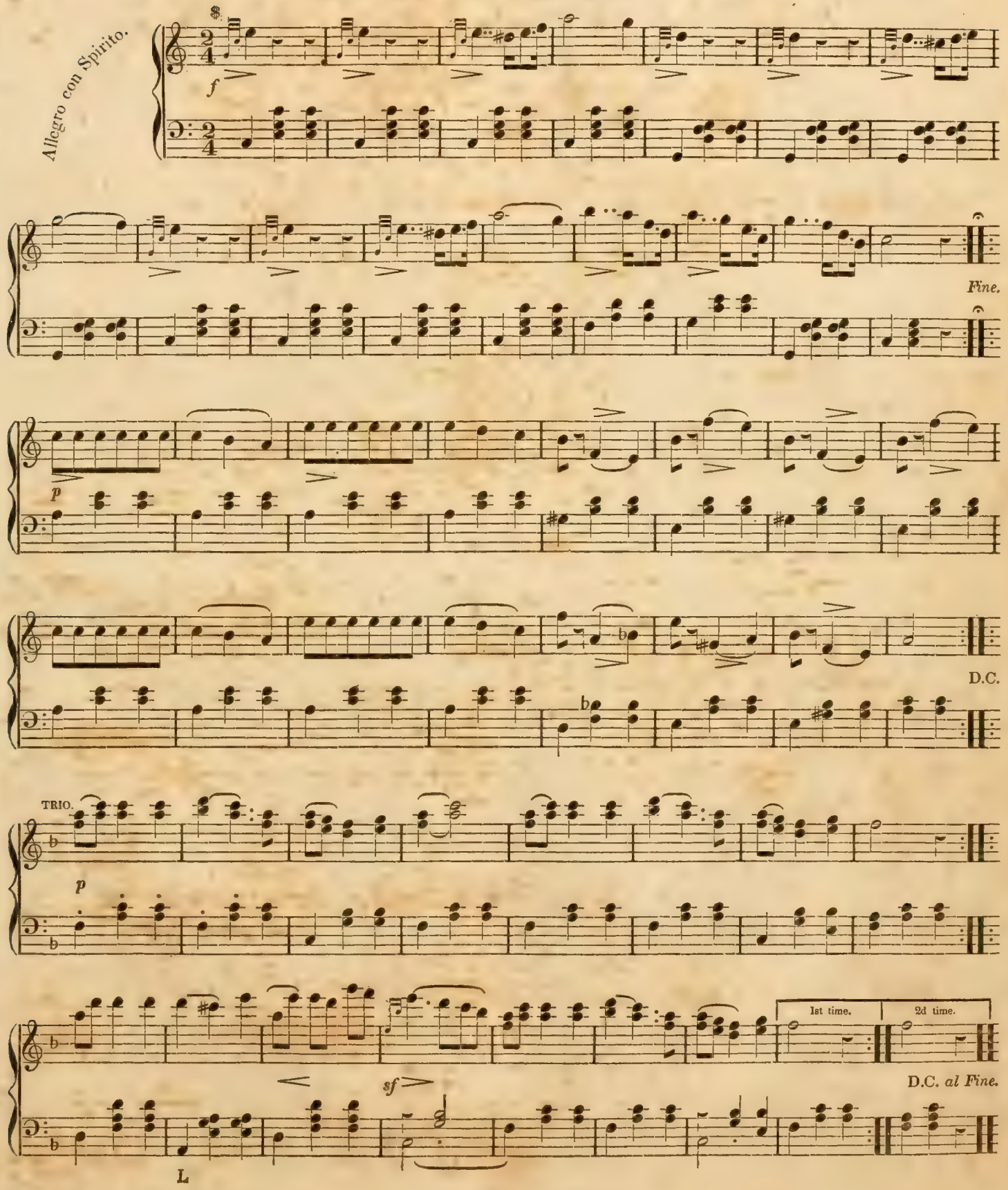
AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOSHUA M. MILLER, ESQ. OF BALTIMORE.

BY M. WIESEL.



LADY WALTZ.

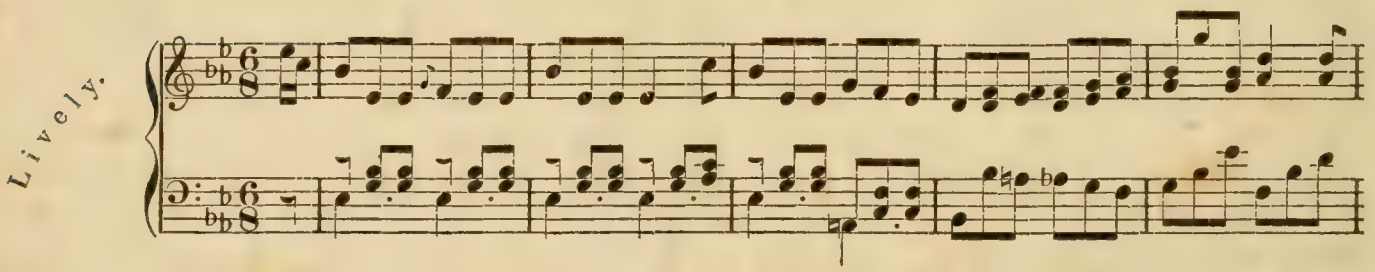
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

BY LA PLUME.

RORY O'MOORE.

A Favourite Ballad.

SUNG BY MR. POWER.

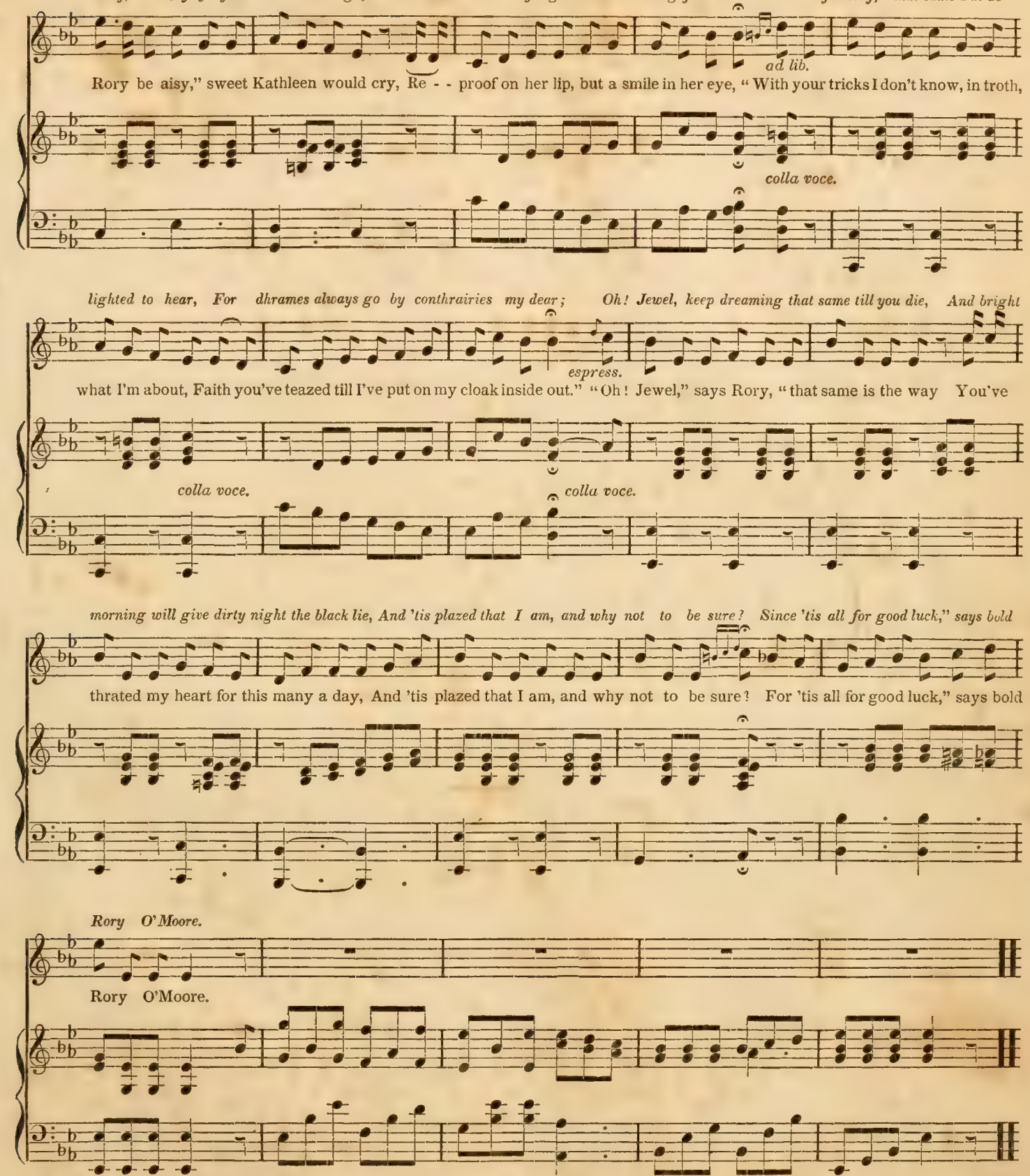
WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO AN IRISH MELODY,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

2d Verse. *"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to*

Young Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen O'Bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she

Soothering Mike, The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound," "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground," "Now,

soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to teaze; "Now


Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go, Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!" "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm de-
ad lib.
Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - - proof on her lip, but a smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know, in troth,
colla voce.
lighted to hear, For dhrames always go by conthrairies my dear; Oh! Jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die, And bright
espress.
what I'm about, Faith you've teazed till I've put on my cloak inside out." "Oh! Jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way You've
colla voce.
colla voce.
morning will give dirty night the black lie, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold
thrated my heart for this many a day, And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold
Rory O'Moore.
Rory O'Moore.

3d Verse.

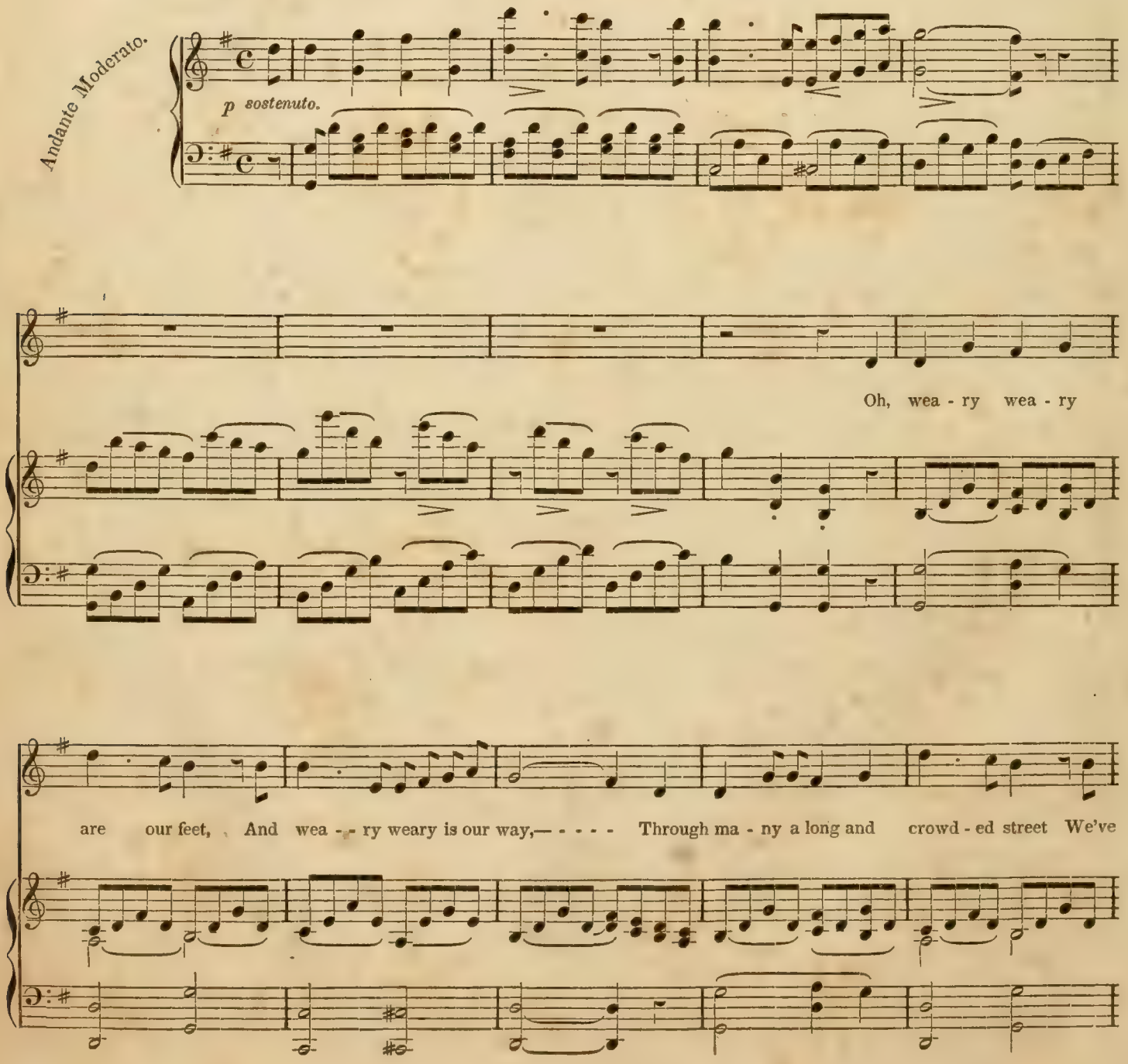
"Arrah Kathleen, my darlint you've teazed me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?
"Now Rory leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore.

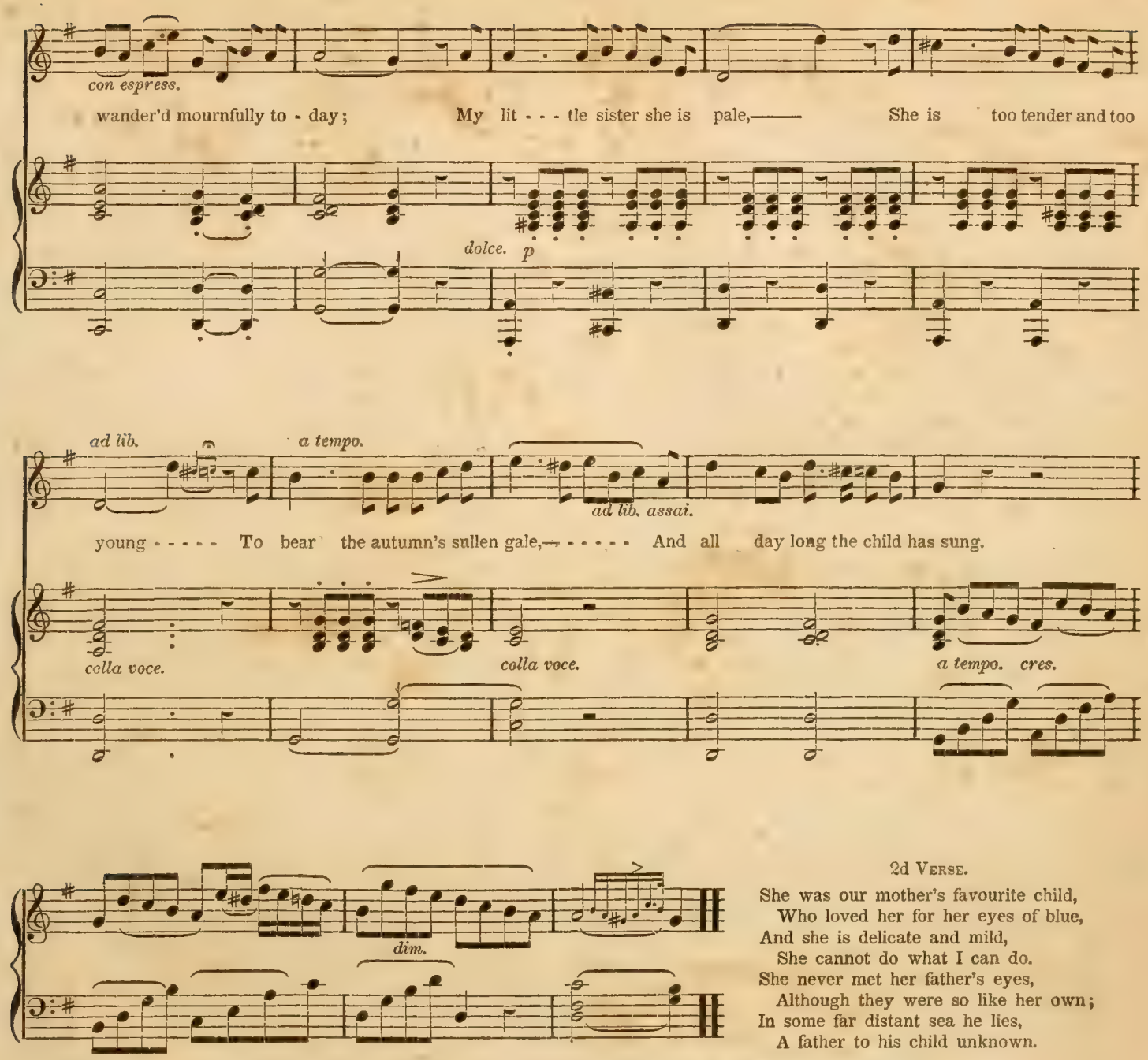
* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGER.

A Ballad.

COMPOSED BY HENRY RUSSELL.


Andante Moderato.
p sostenuto.
Oh, wea - ry wea - ry
are our feet, And wea - ry weary is our way,— - - - - Through ma - ny a long and crowd - ed street We've


con espress.
wander'd mournfully to - day; My lit - - - tle sister she is pale,—— She is too tender and too
dolce. p
ad lib.
a tempo.
ad lib. assai.
young - - - - - To bear the autumn's sullen gale,— - - - - - And all day long the child has sung.
colla voce.
colla voce.
a tempo. cres.

2d Verse.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

3d Verse.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
A little playful thing was she:
How proud we were—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head;
How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

4th Verse.

We have no home—we have no friends,
They said our home no more was ours,
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had fill'd with flowers.

The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

5th Verse.

We wander'd forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas! we have a home no more!

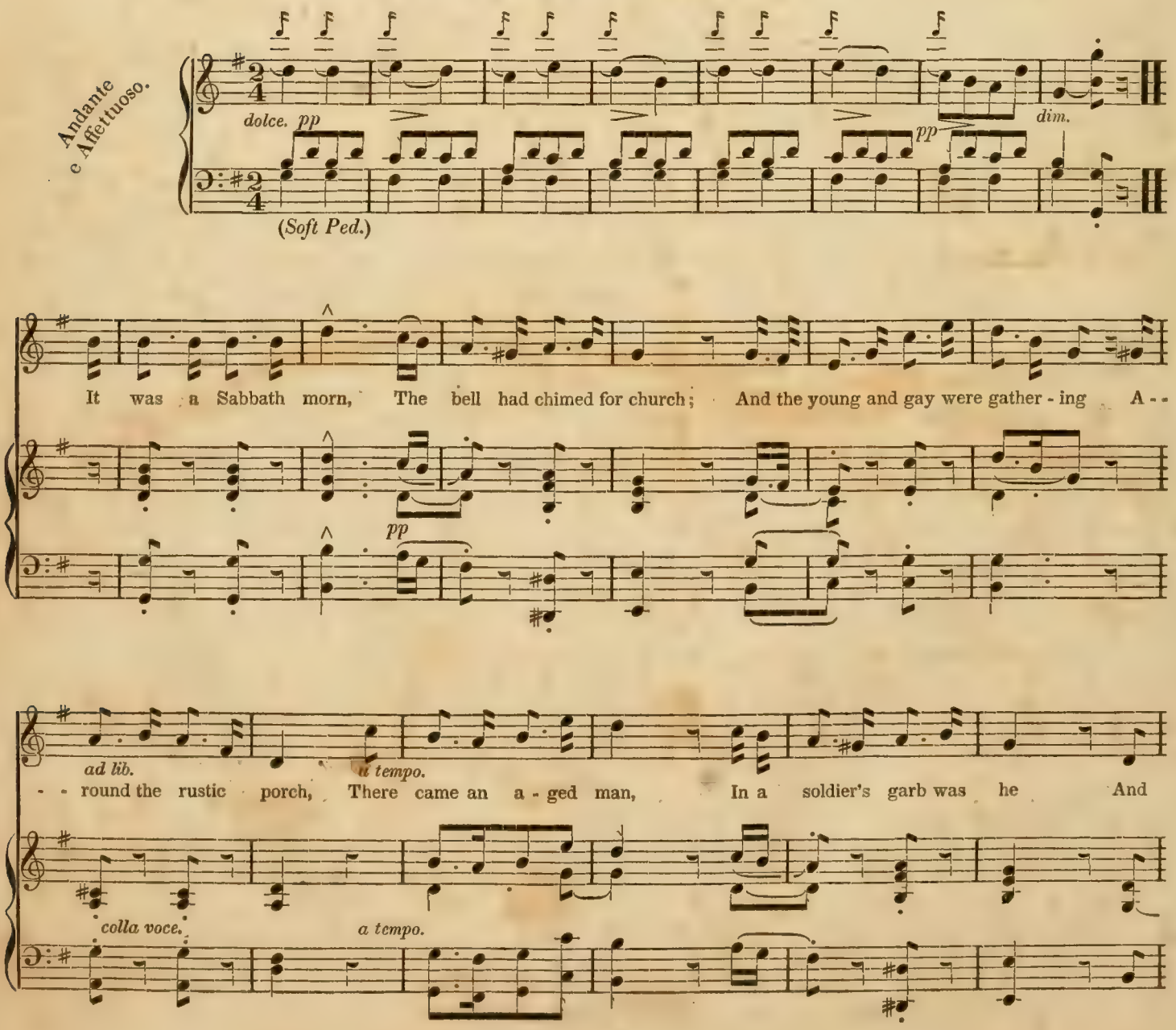
DO NONE REMEMBER ME.

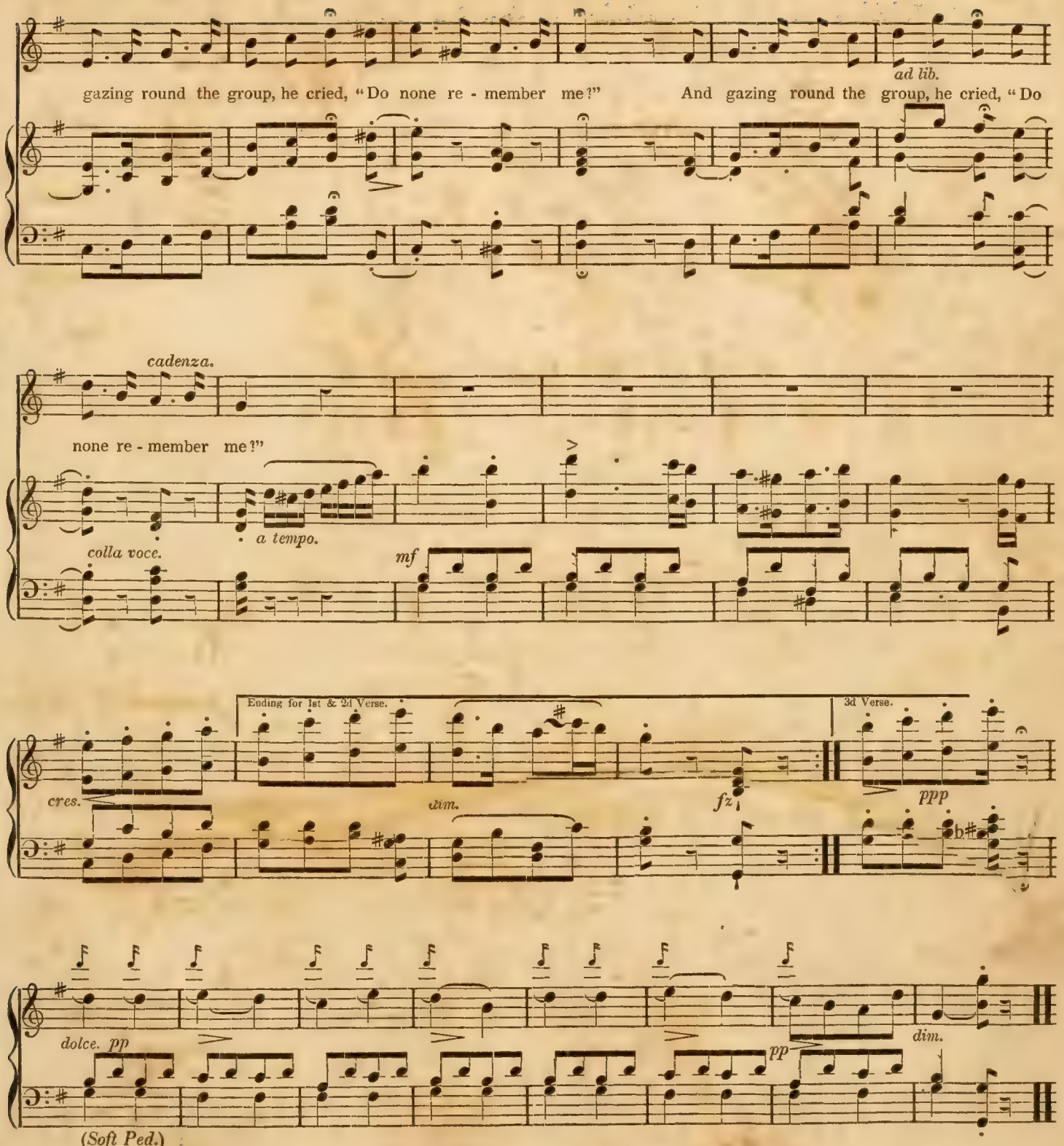
WRITTEN BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS REBECCA M. GASKILL,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.


Andante
e Affettuoso.
dolce. pp
dim.
pp
(Soft Ped.)
It was a Sabbath morn, The bell had chimed for church; And the young and gay were gather - ing A - -
pp
ad lib.
- - round the rustic porch, a tempo. There came an a - ged man, In a soldier's garb was he And
colla voce.
a tempo.



2d Verse.

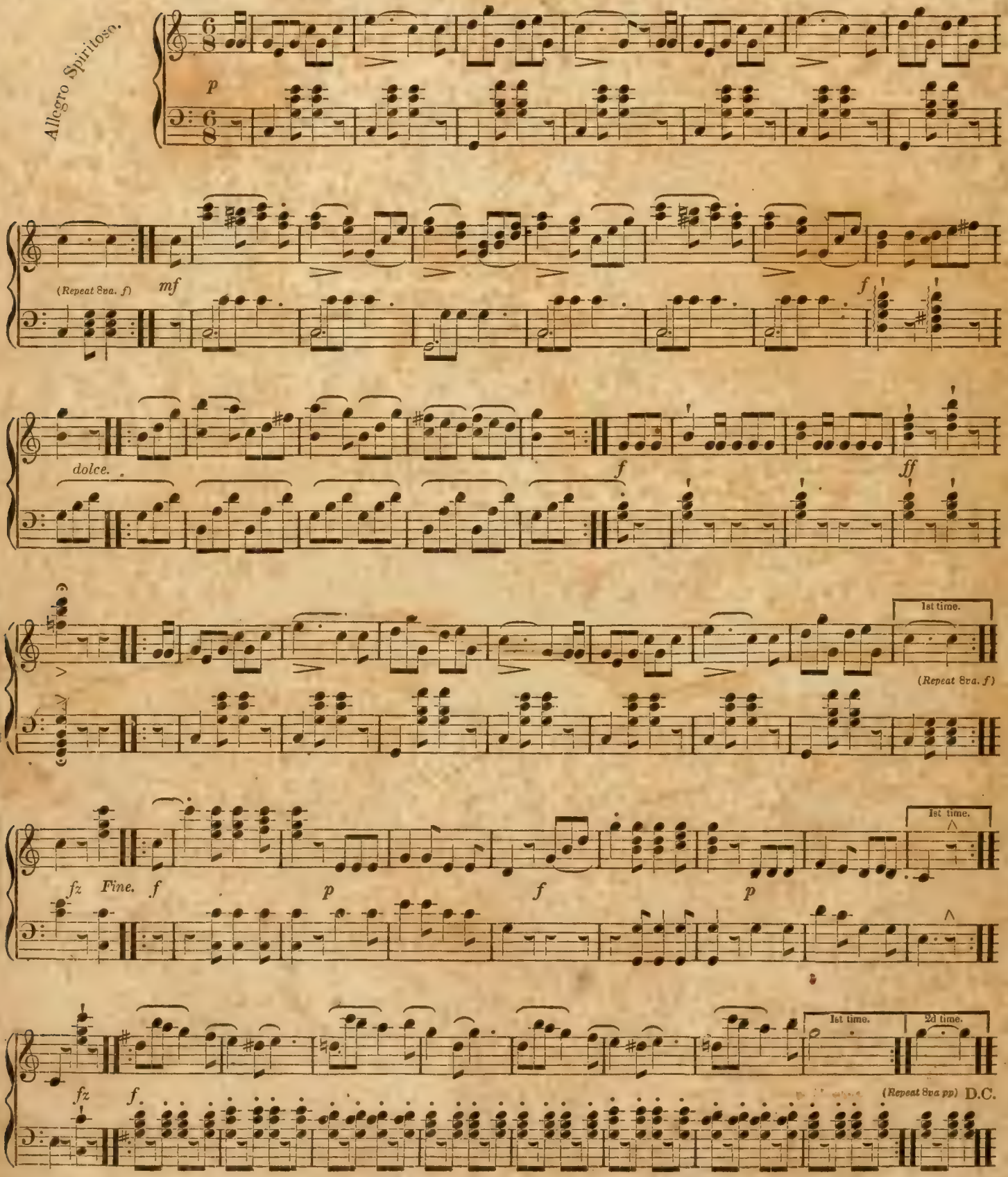
The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone,
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
"You now remember me."

3d Verse.

Alas! none knew him there;
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown.
And then the old man wept,
"I am friendless now," cried he,
"Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me."

PRINCE ALBERT'S BAND MARCH.

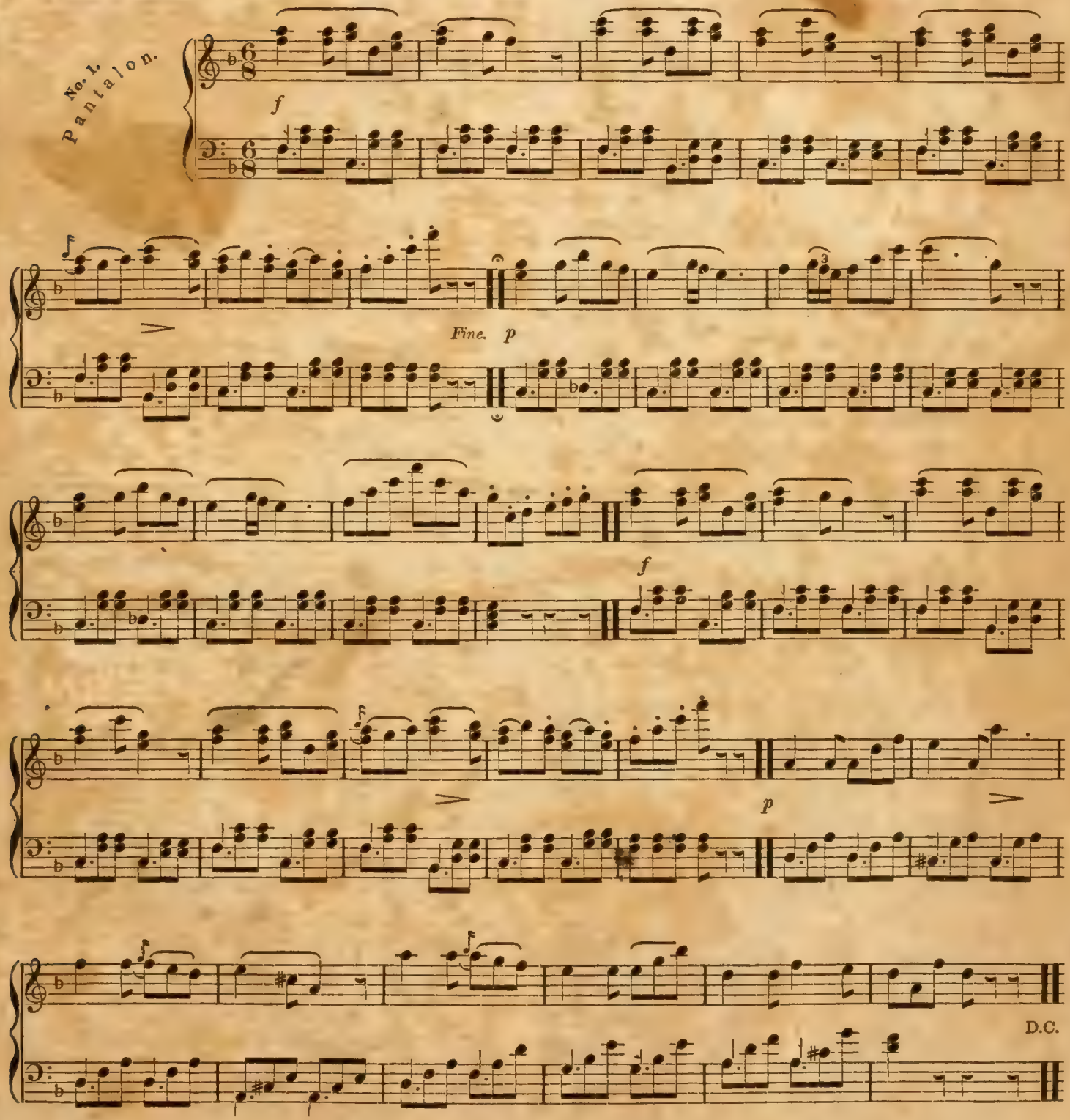
COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.



THE NORMA QUADRILLES.

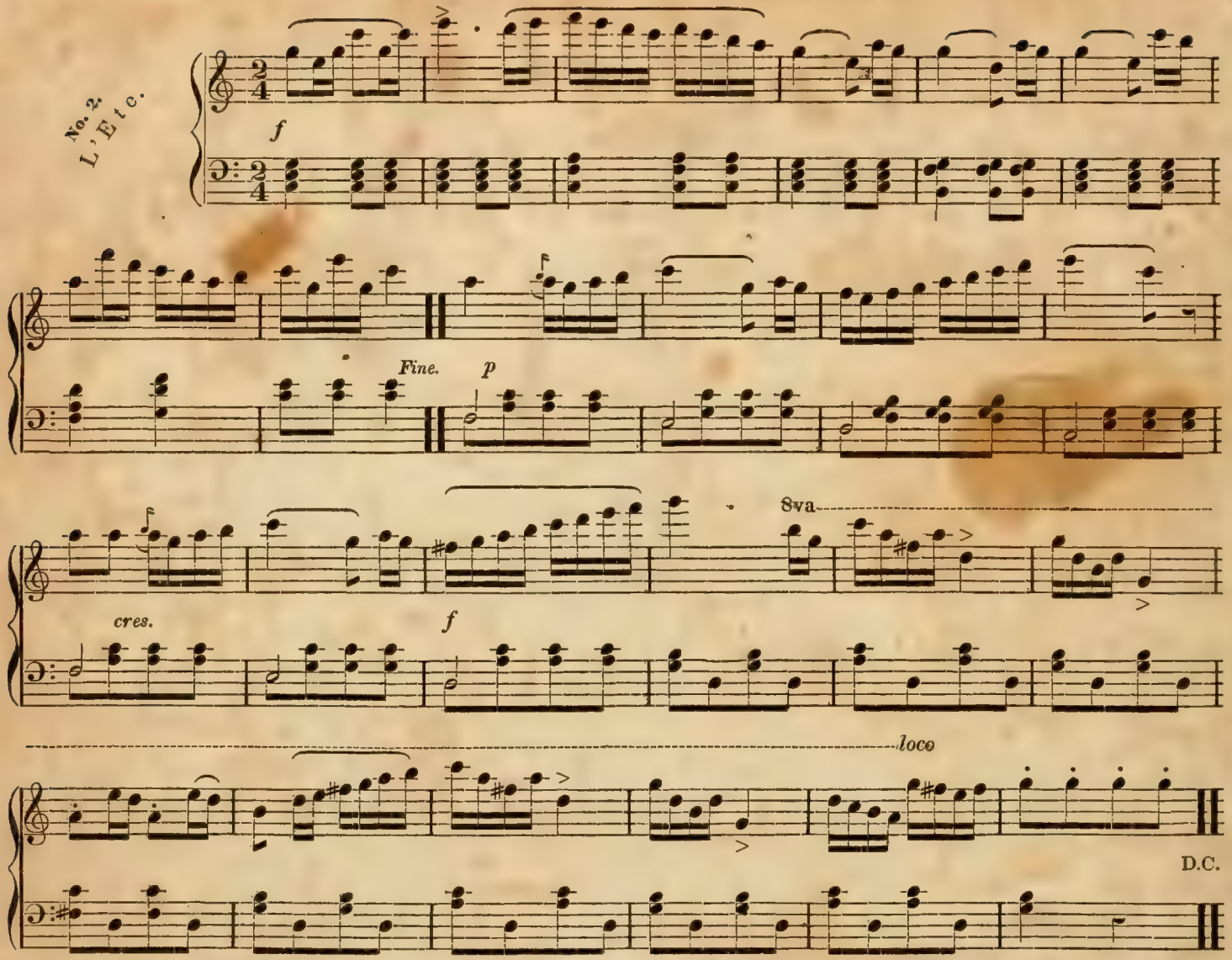
By Ch. Czerny.

NORMA.



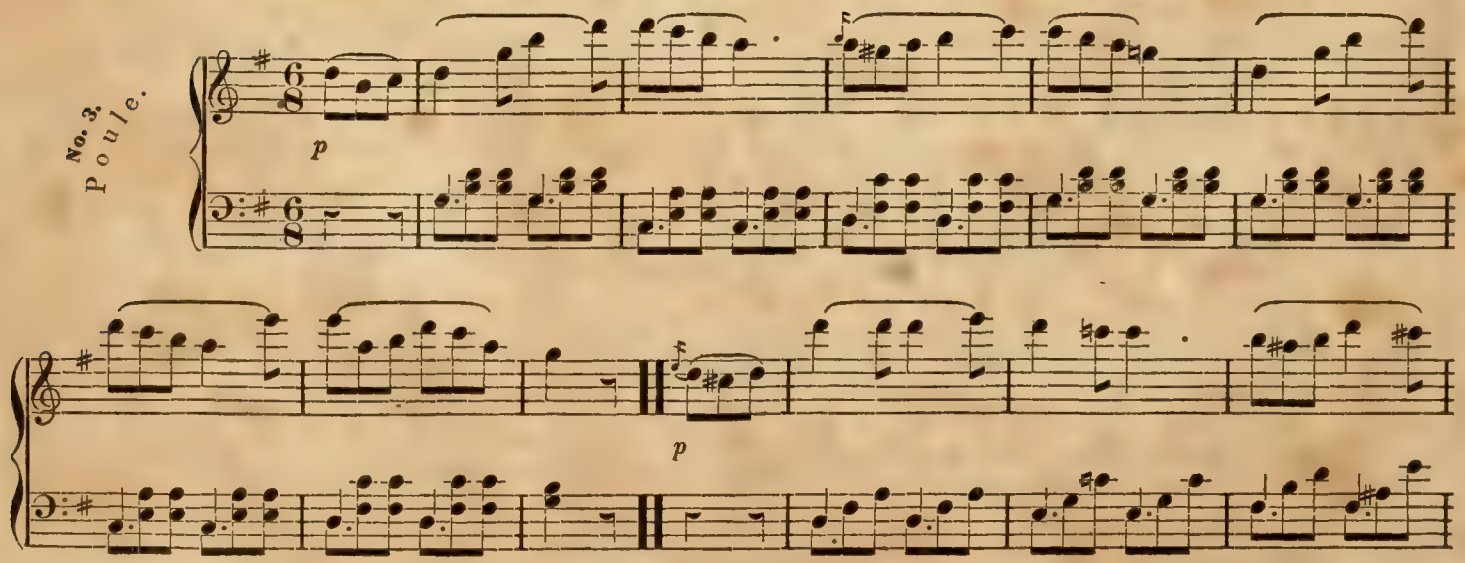
Right and left—Balancez and turn partners—Ladies chain—Half promenade—Half right and left.

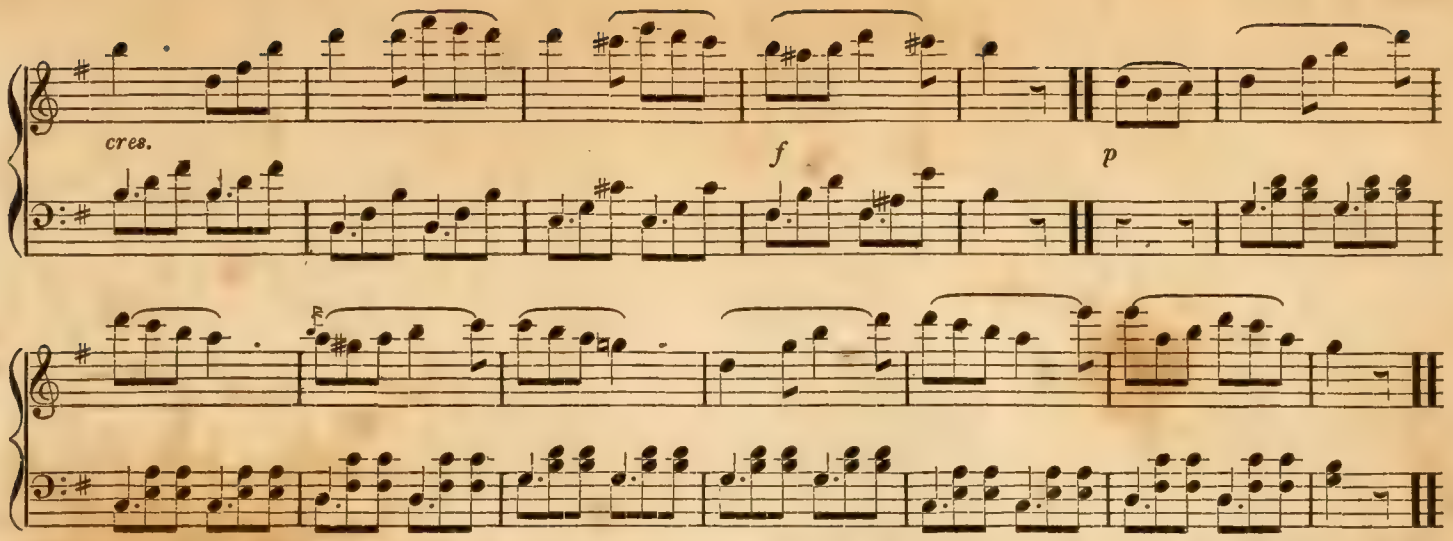
CLAUDIAN.



Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Cross back and turn partners.

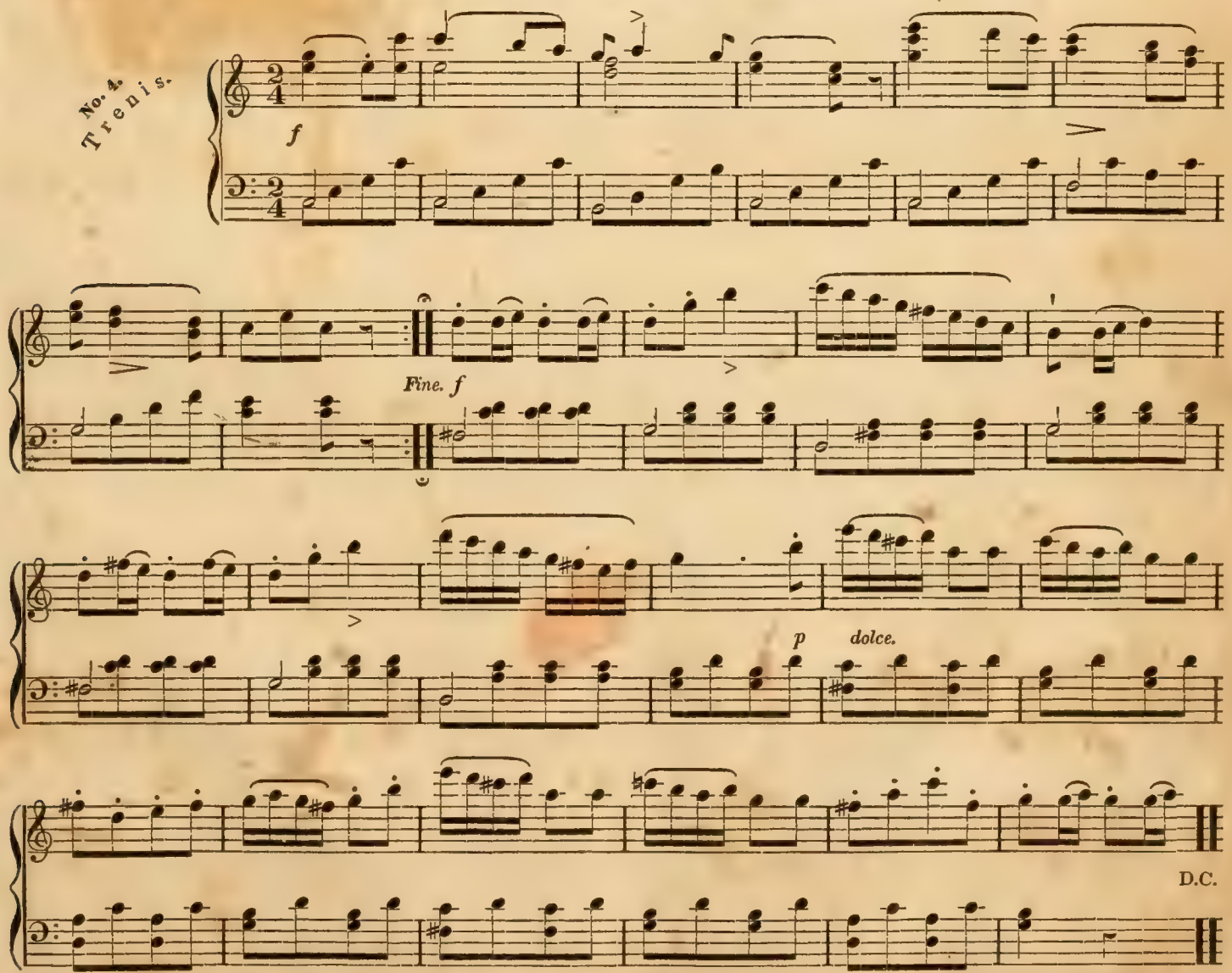
THE DRUID'S CHORUS.





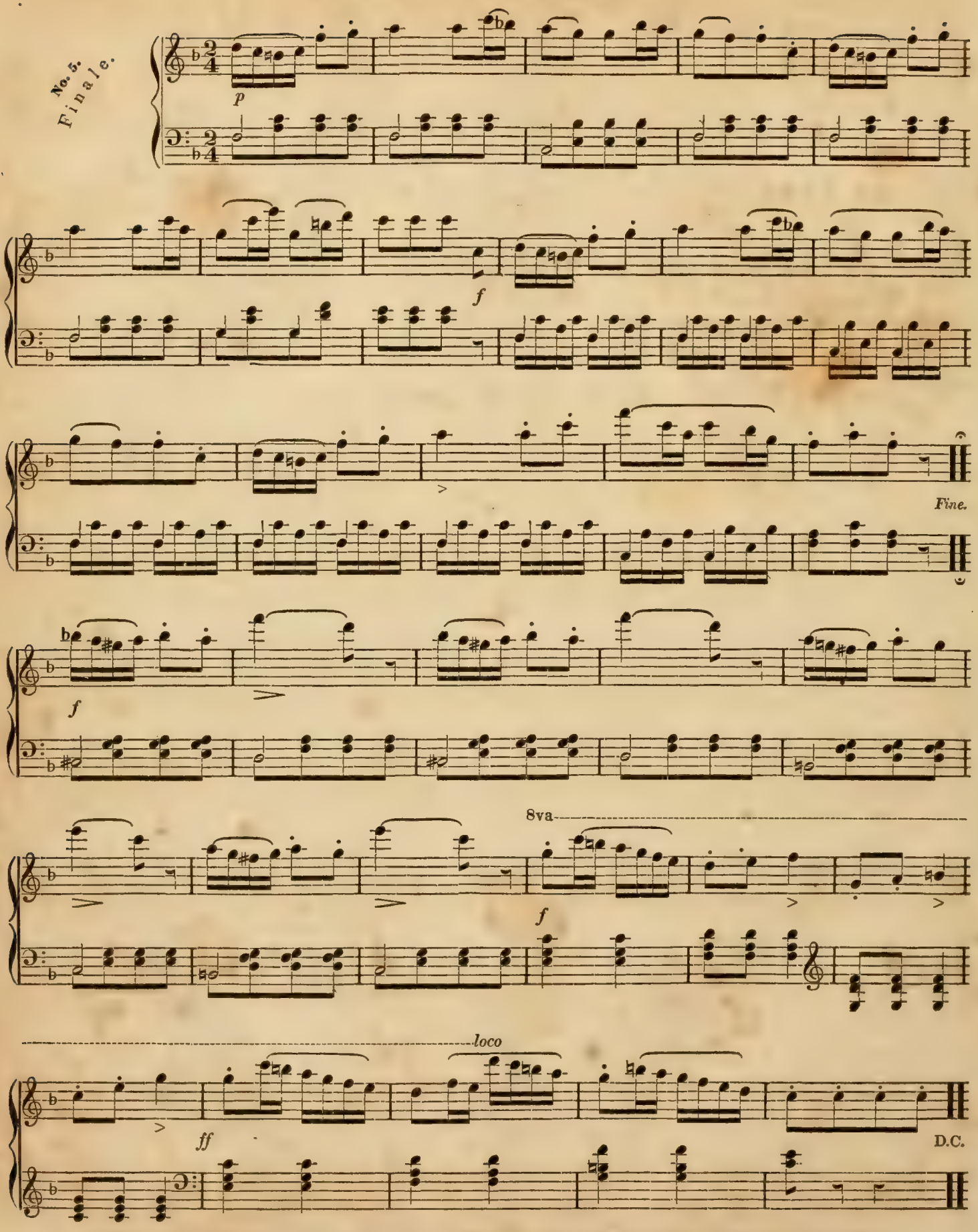
Right hand cross—Left hand back—Balancez on a line—Promenade half round—Forward two—Back to back—Forward four to places.

ELBERTA.



Forward four and turn partners, the gentleman leading his partner to the left of the opposite gentleman and retire—Forward three and back—The gentleman forward twice, and four hands half round, and right and left to places.

FLAVIUS.



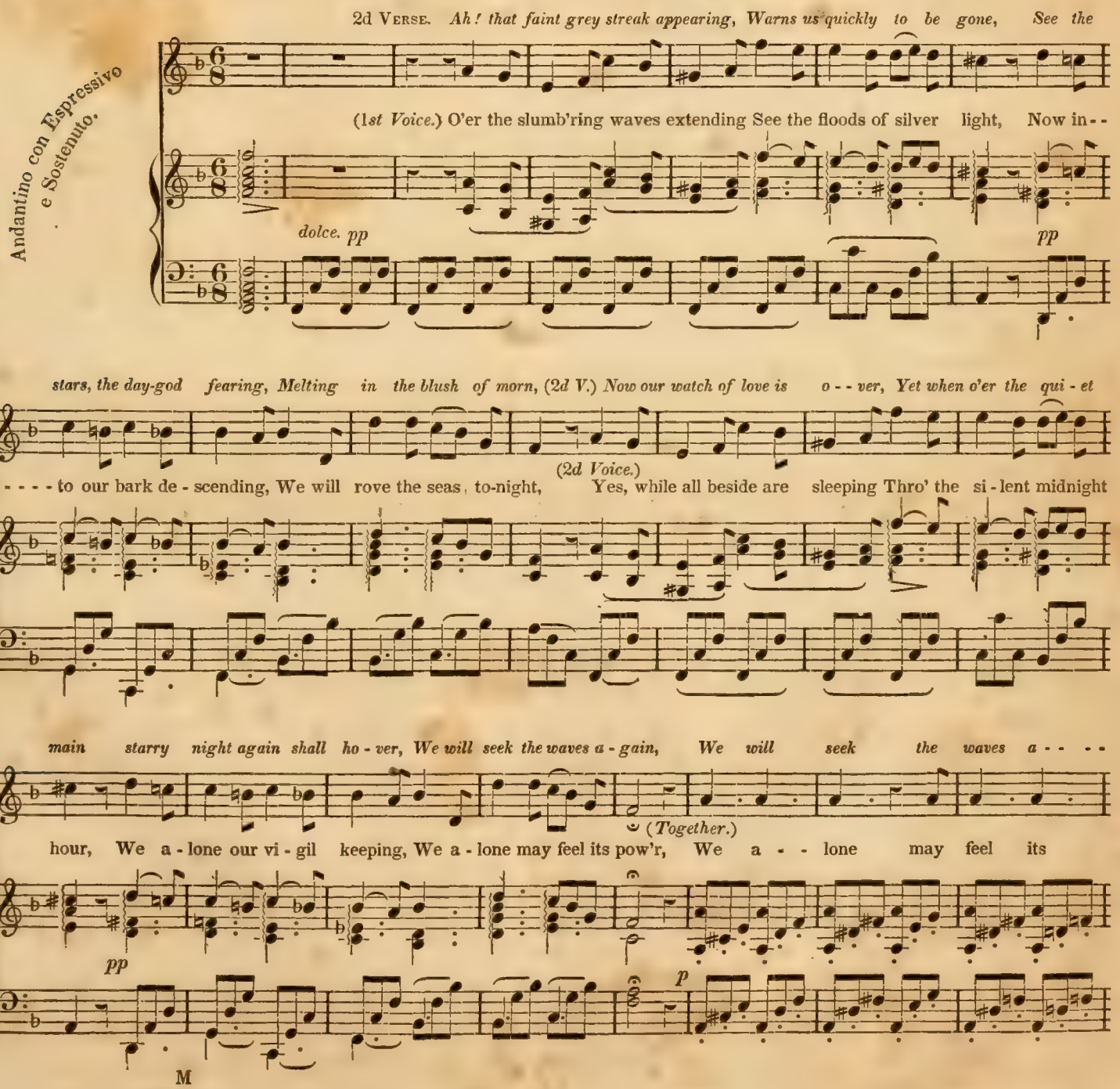
Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez dechassez—Recross to place—Ballancé and turn partners.

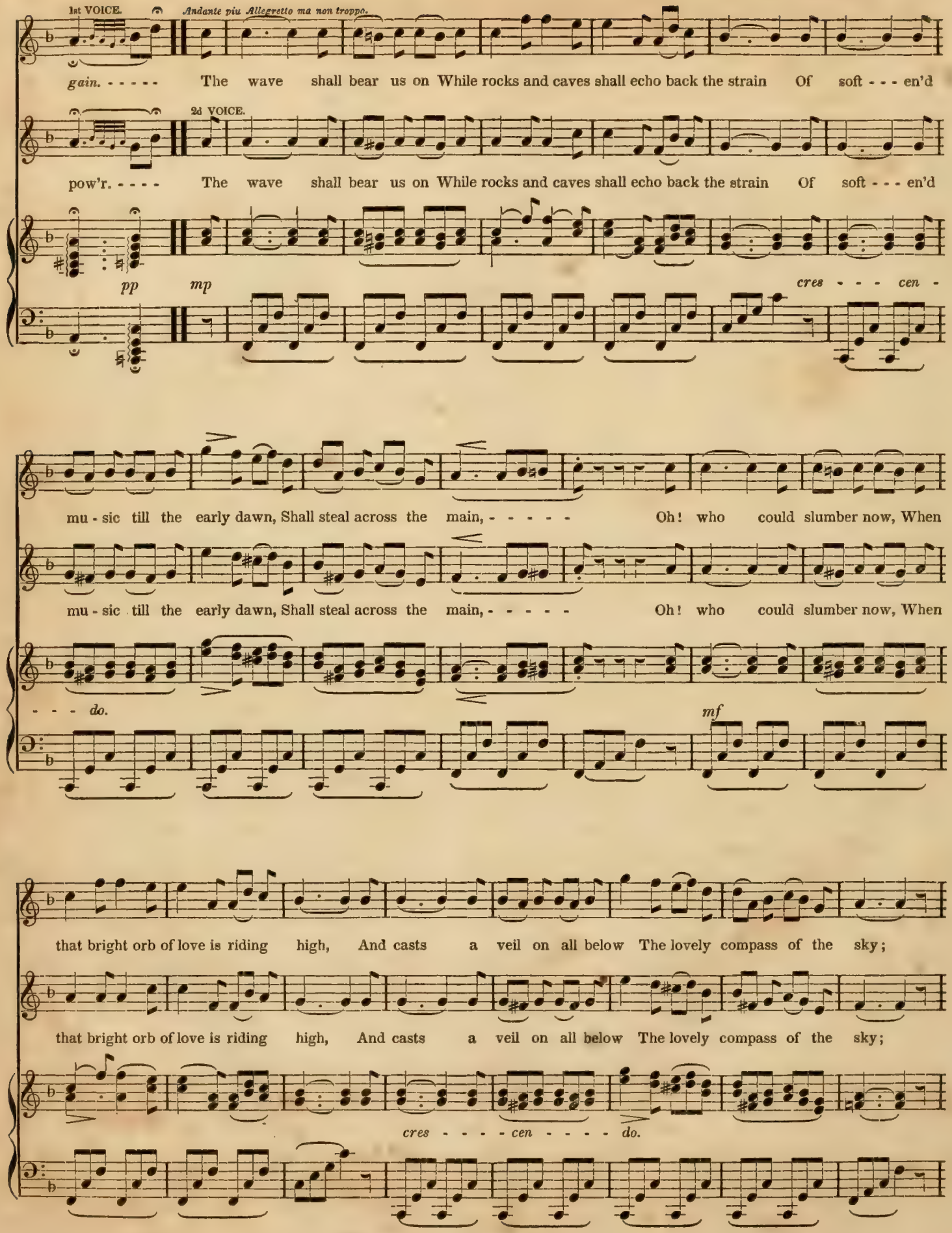
THE ROVING LOVERS.

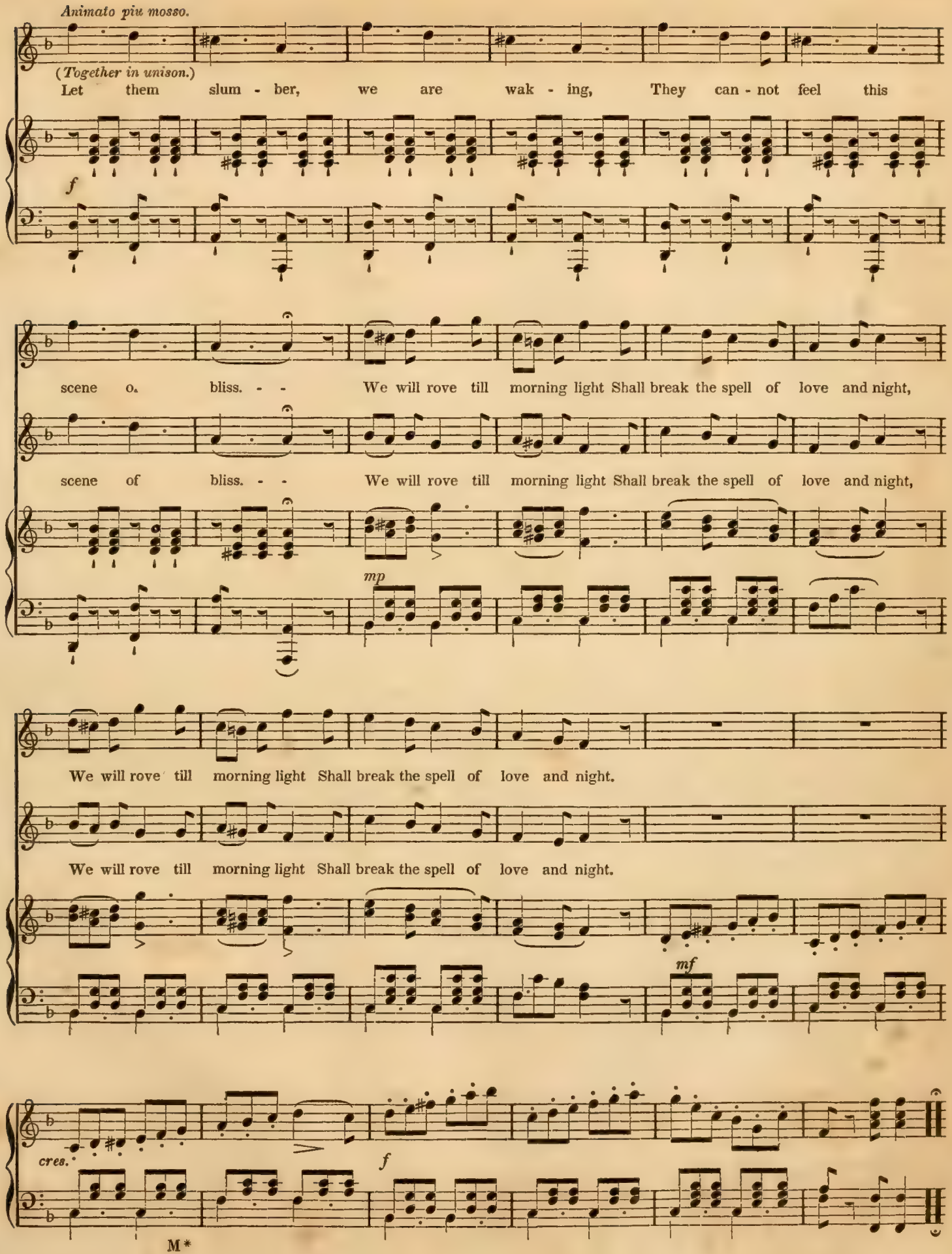
Duet.

WRITTEN BY M. H. R.—ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY ROSSINI.


2d Verse. Ah! that faint grey streak appearing, Warns us quickly to be gone, See the
Andantino con Espressivo e Sostenuto.
(1st Voice.) O'er the slumb'ring waves extending See the floods of silver light, Now in--
dolce. pp
pp
stars, the day-god fearing, Melting in the blush of morn, (2d V.) Now our watch of love is o--ver, Yet when o'er the qui-et
(2d Voice.)
----to our bark de-scending, We will rove the seas to-night, Yes, while all beside are sleeping Thro' the si-lent midnight
main starry night again shall ho-ver, We will seek the waves a-gain, We will seek the waves a----
(Together.)
hour, We a-lone our vi-gil keeping, We a-lone may feel its pow'r, We a--lone may feel its
pp
p
M


1st VOICE.
Andante piu Allegretto ma non troppo.
gain. - - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd
2d VOICE.
pow'r. - - - - The wave shall bear us on While rocks and caves shall echo back the strain Of soft - - - en'd
pp
mp
cres - - - cen -
mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When
mu - sic till the early dawn, Shall steal across the main, - - - - - Oh! who could slumber now, When
- - - do.
mf
that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;
that bright orb of love is riding high, And casts a veil on all below The lovely compass of the sky;
cres - - - - cen - - - - do.

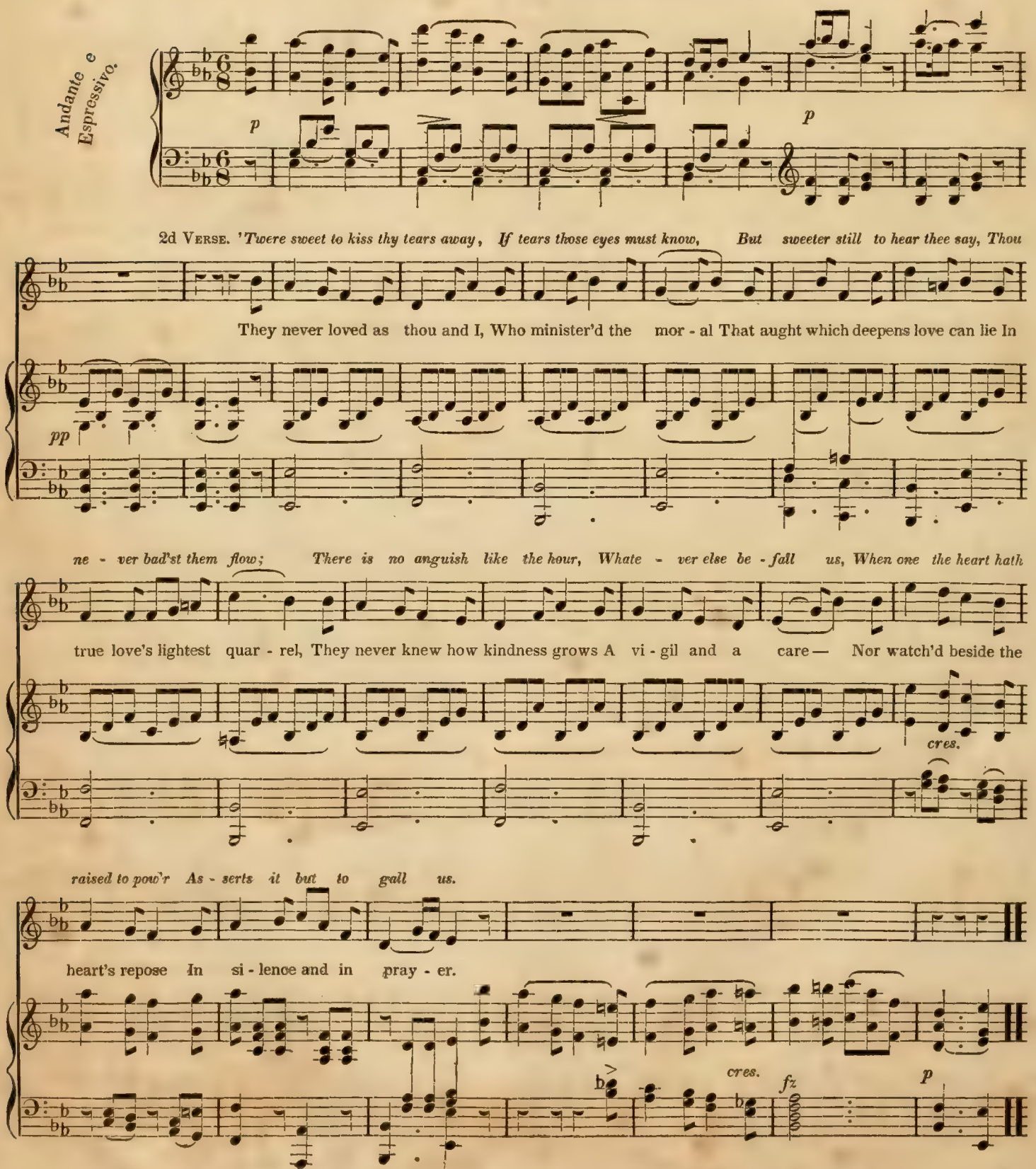

Animato piu mosso.
(Together in unison.)
Let them slum - ber, we are wak - ing, They can - not feel this
f
scene o. bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,
scene of bliss. - - We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night,
mp
We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.
We will rove till morning light Shall break the spell of love and night.
mf
cres.
f
M*

THEY NEVER LOVED AS THOU AND I.

POETRY BY BULWER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

By C. Hommann.

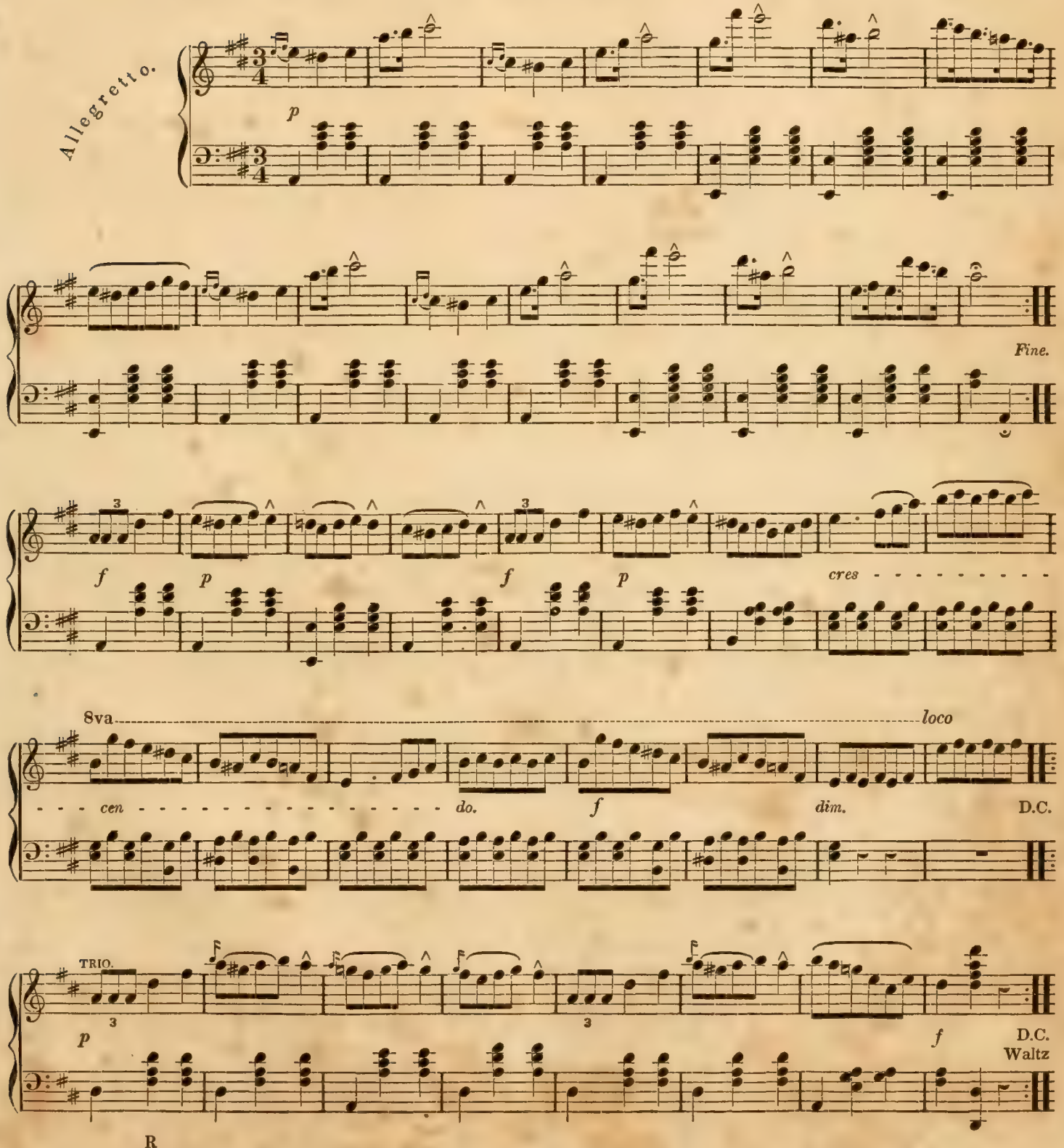

Andante e Espressivo.
p
p
2d Verse. 'Twere sweet to kiss thy tears away, If tears those eyes must know, But sweeter still to hear thee say, Thou
They never loved as thou and I, Who minister'd the mor - al That aught which deepens love can lie In
pp
ne - ver bad'st them flow; There is no anguish like the hour, Whate - ver else be - fall us, When one the heart hath
true love's lightest quar - rel, They never knew how kindness grows A vi - gil and a care— Nor watch'd beside the
cres.
raised to pow'r As - serts it but to gall us.
heart's repose In si - lence and in pray - er.
cres.
fz
p

THE BELLE WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

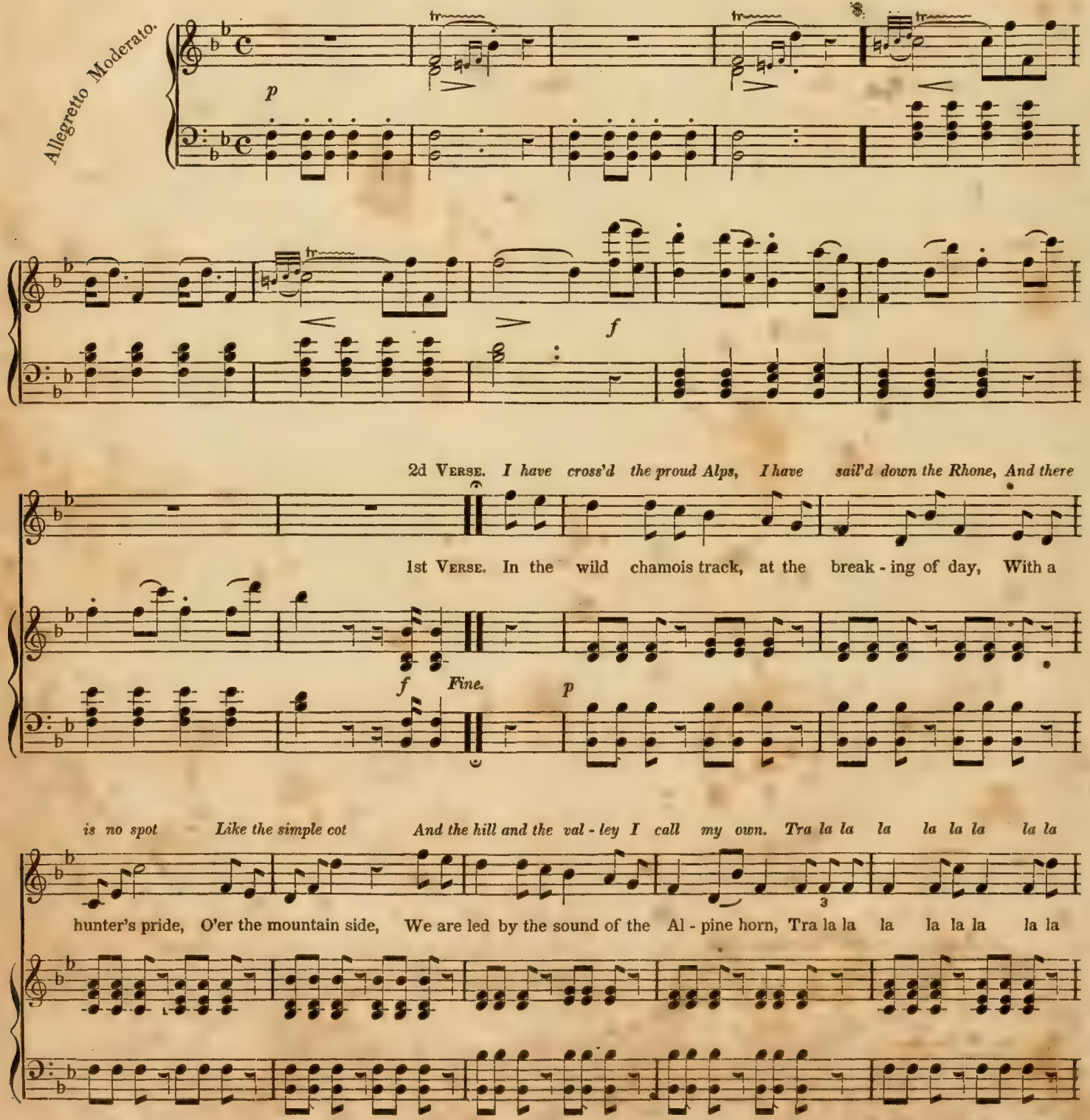
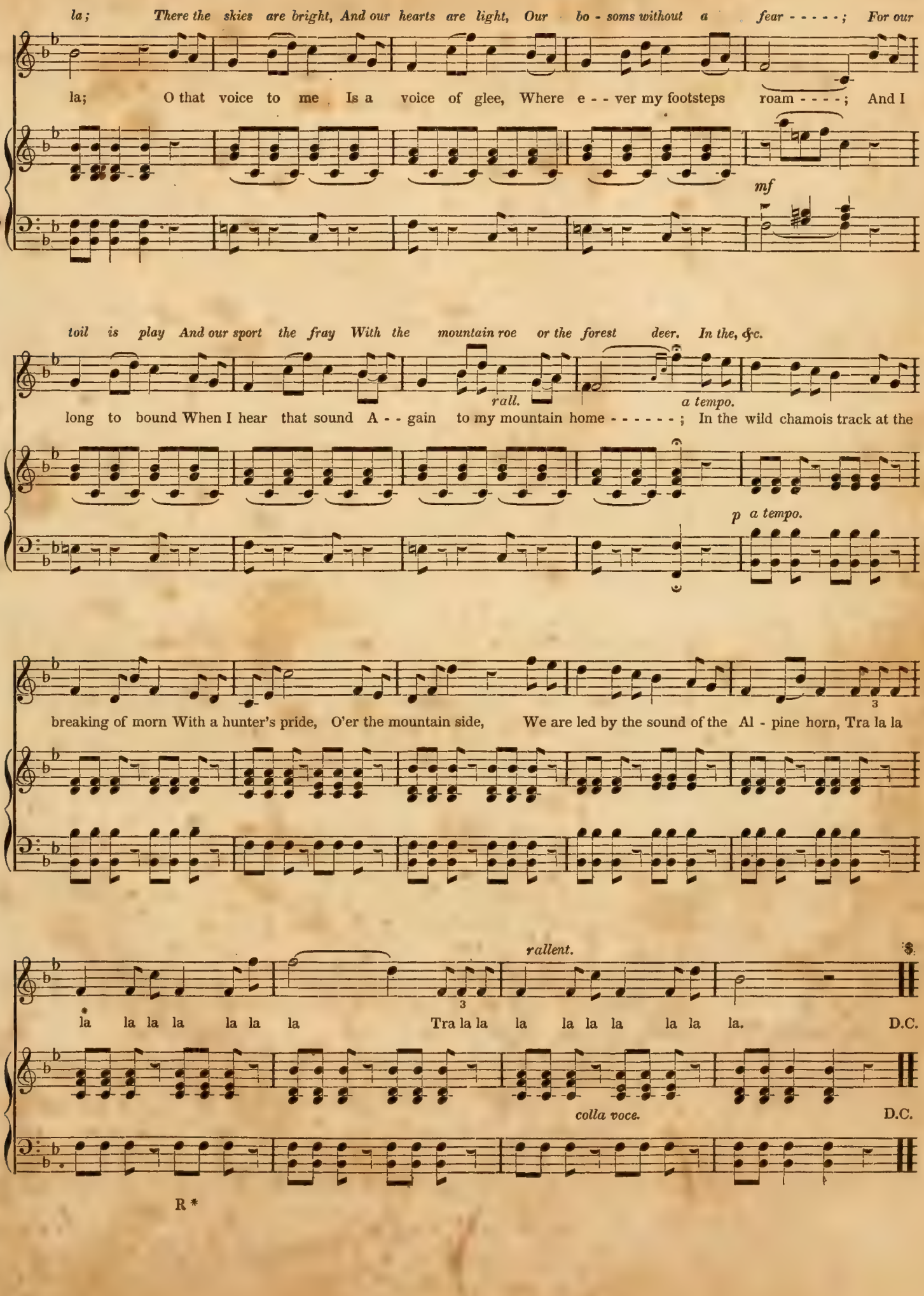
BY J. A. OBTZE.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

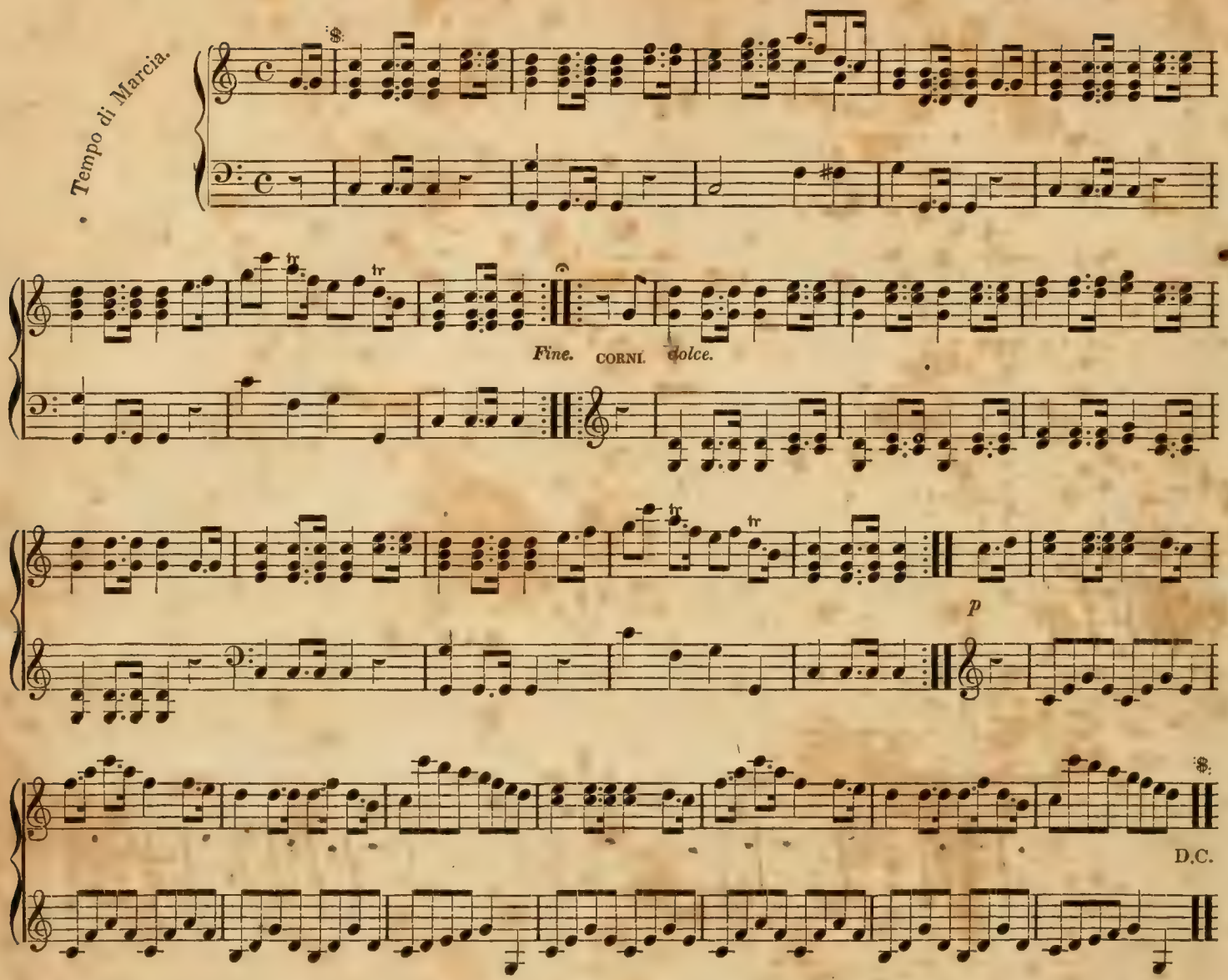


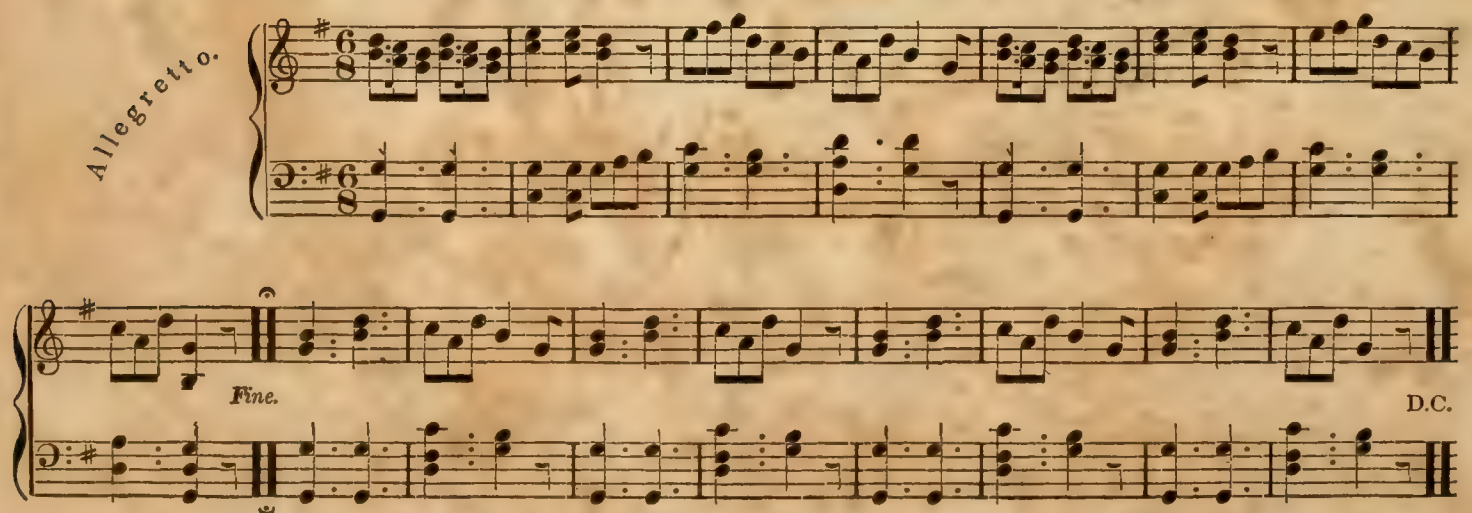
THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

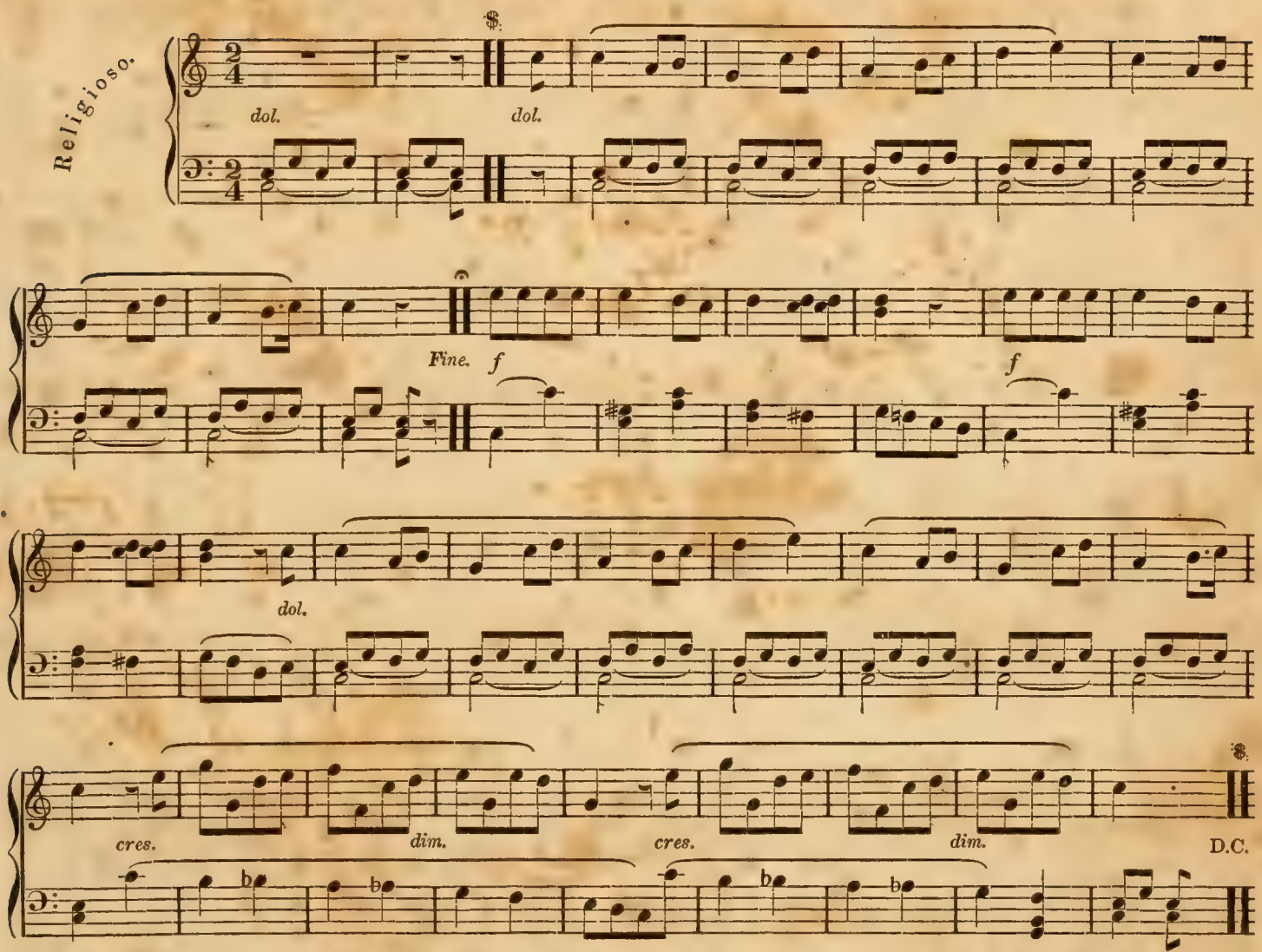
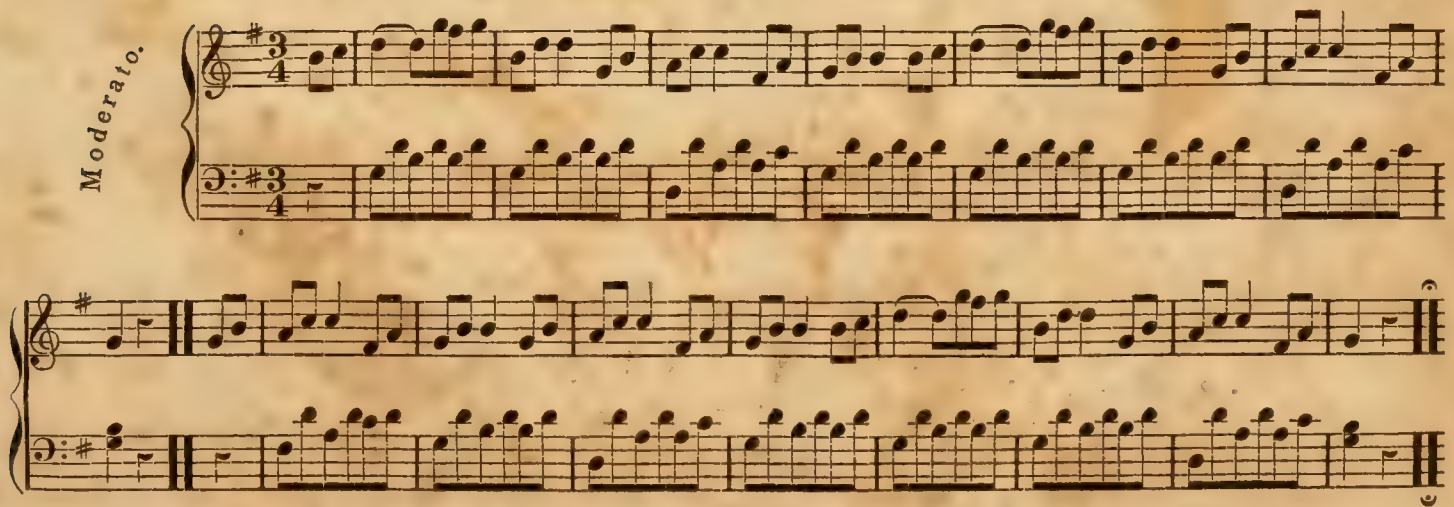
An Admired Tyrolean.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN.

Allegretto Moderato.
p
f
2d Verse. I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone, And there
1st Verse. In the wild chamois track, at the break - ing of day, With a
f
Fine.
p
is no spot Like the simple cot And the hill and the val - ley I call my own. Tra la la la la la la la la
hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la la la la la la la

la; There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, Our bo - soms without a fear - - - - - ; For our
la; O that voice to me Is a voice of glee, Where e - - ver my footsteps roam - - - - ; And I
mf
toil is play And our sport the fray With the mountain roe or the forest deer. In the, &c.
rall.
a tempo.
long to bound When I hear that sound A - - gain to my mountain home - - - - - - ; In the wild chamois track at the
p a tempo.
breaking of morn With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Al - pine horn, Tra la la
3
rallent.
3
la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la. D.C.
colla voce.
D.C.
R *

BRISTOL MARCH.



HERR CLINE'S DANCE.

AVE MARIA.

COMPOSED BY LOISA PUGET.

SPANISH DANCE.

THE BANSHEE.

SONG,

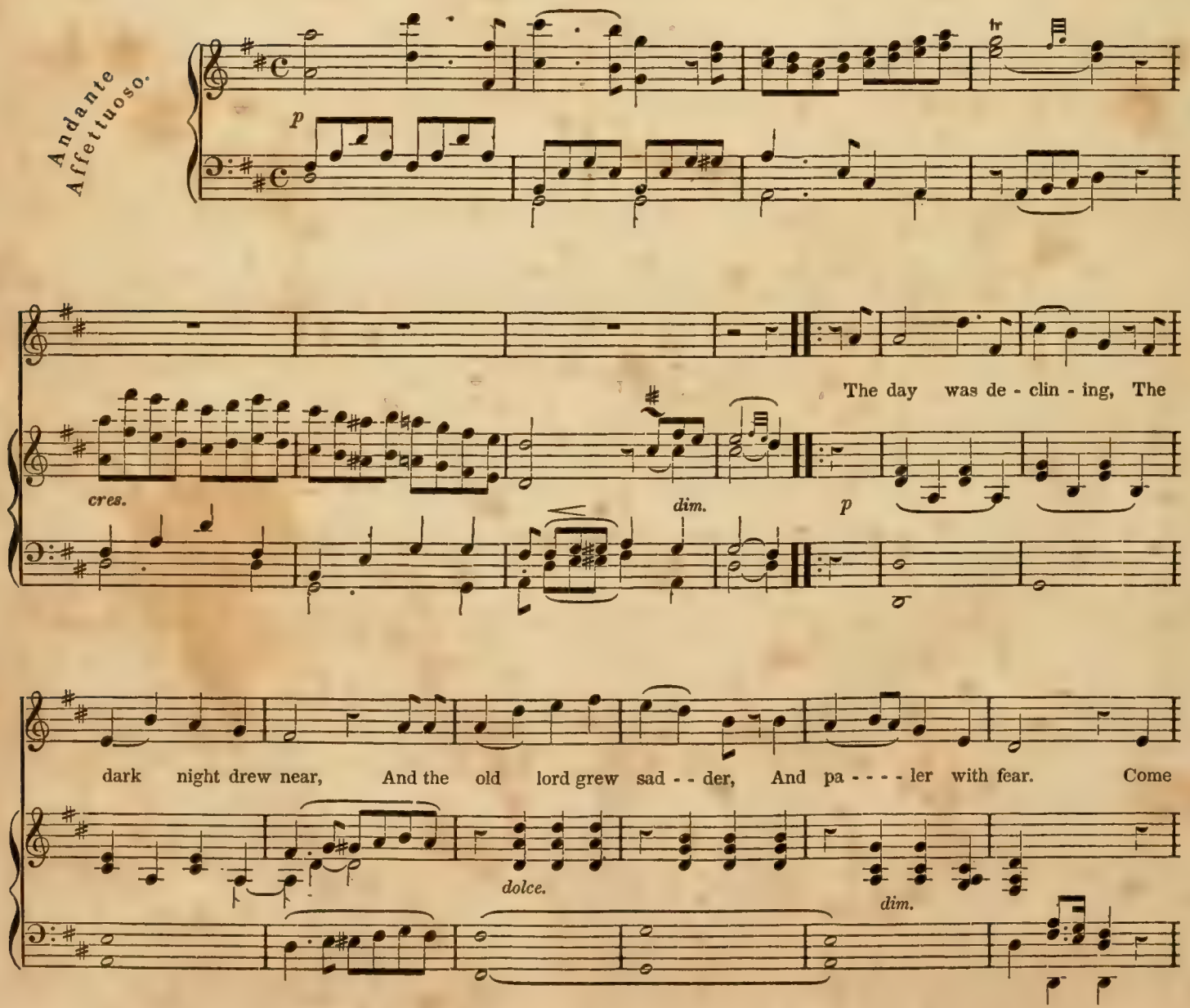
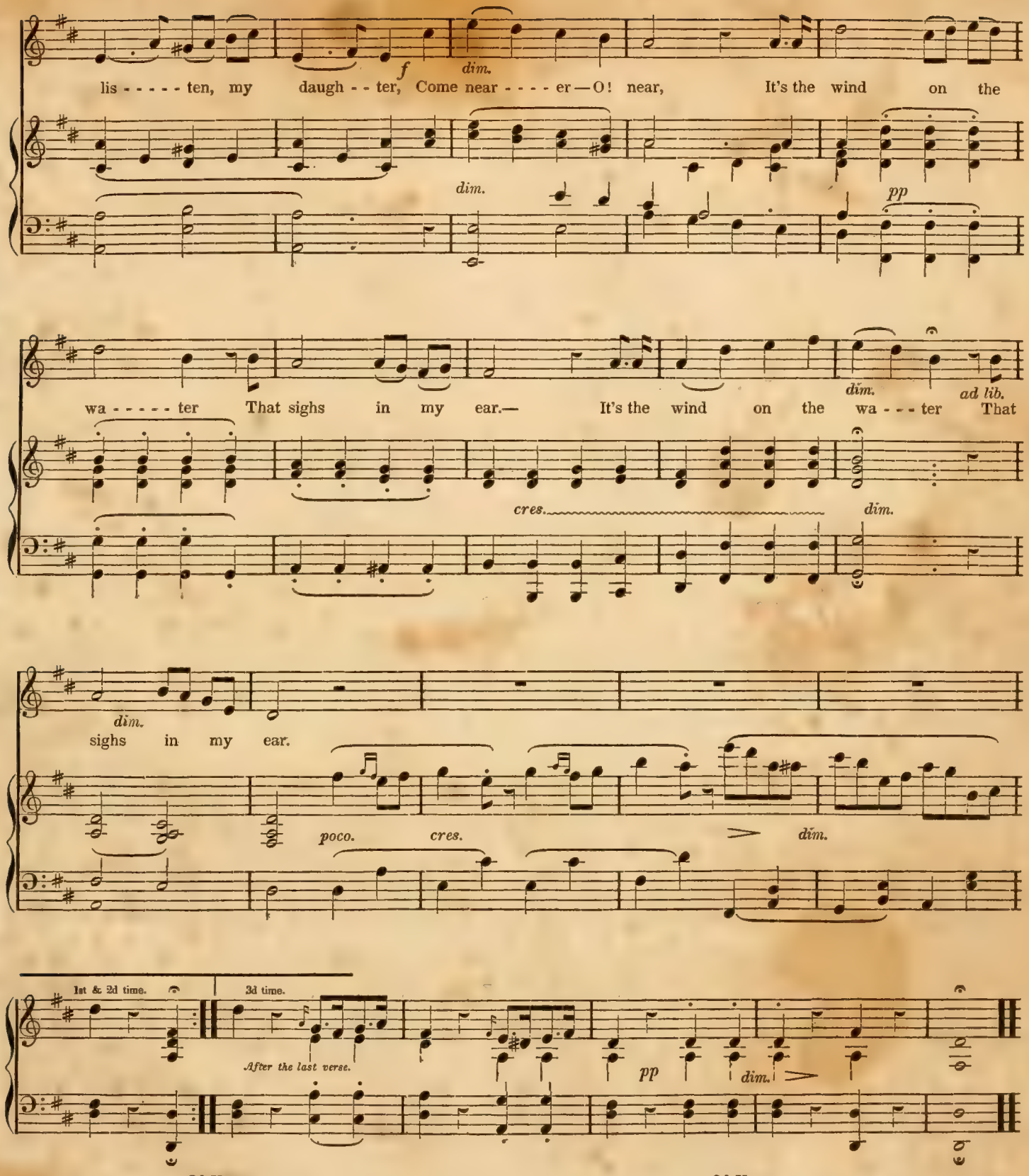
FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON.

WRITTEN BY HARRY LORREQUER.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF OULD ERIN,

BY CHARLES JARVIS.


Andante Affettuoso.
p
tr
The day was de - clin - ing, The
cres.
dim.
p
dark night drew near, And the old lord grew sad - - der, And pa - - - - ler with fear. Come
dolce.
dim.

lis - - - - - ten, my daugh - - ter, Come near - - - - er — O! near, It's the wind on the
f
dim.
dim.
pp
wa - - - - - ter That sighs in my ear.— It's the wind on the wa - - - ter That
dim.
ad lib.
cres.
dim.
dim.
sighs in my ear.
poco.
cres.
dim.
1st & 2d time.
3d time.
After the last verse.
pp
dim.

2d Verse.

[Not the] wind nor the water
Now stirr'd the night air,
But a warning far sadder—
The banshee was there,
Now rising, now swelling,
[On the] night wind it bore
One cadence, still telling,
I want thee, Rossmore!

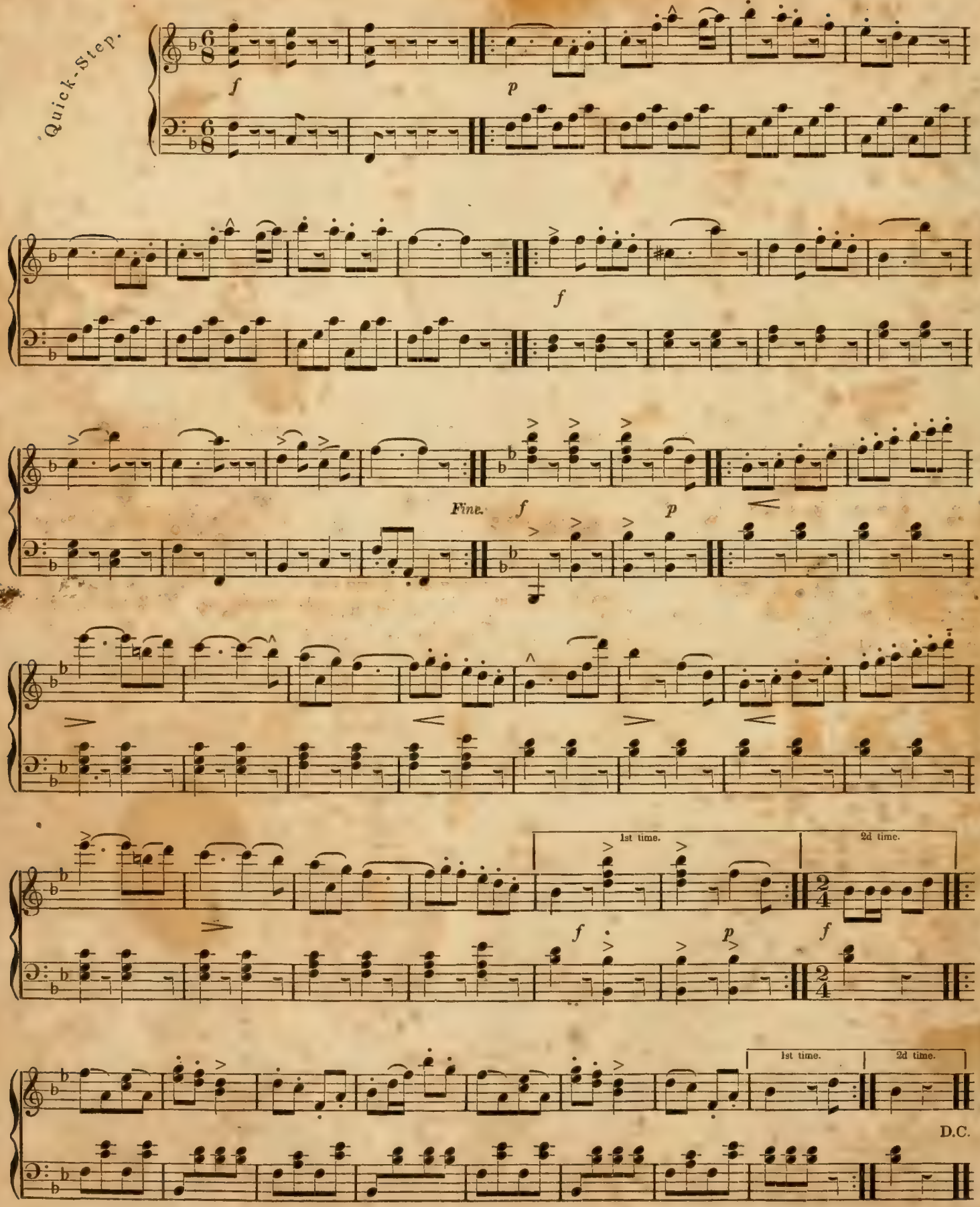
3d Verse.

Then fast came his wasting breath,
More fix'd grew his eye;
And the shadow of chilling death
Told his hour was nigh.
[Ere the] dawn of that morning
The struggle was o'er,
For when thrice came the warning—
A corpse was Rossmore!

* All words enclosed thus [ ] to be sung to one note.

WISSAHICCON QUICK-STEP.

C. F. RUDOLPH.



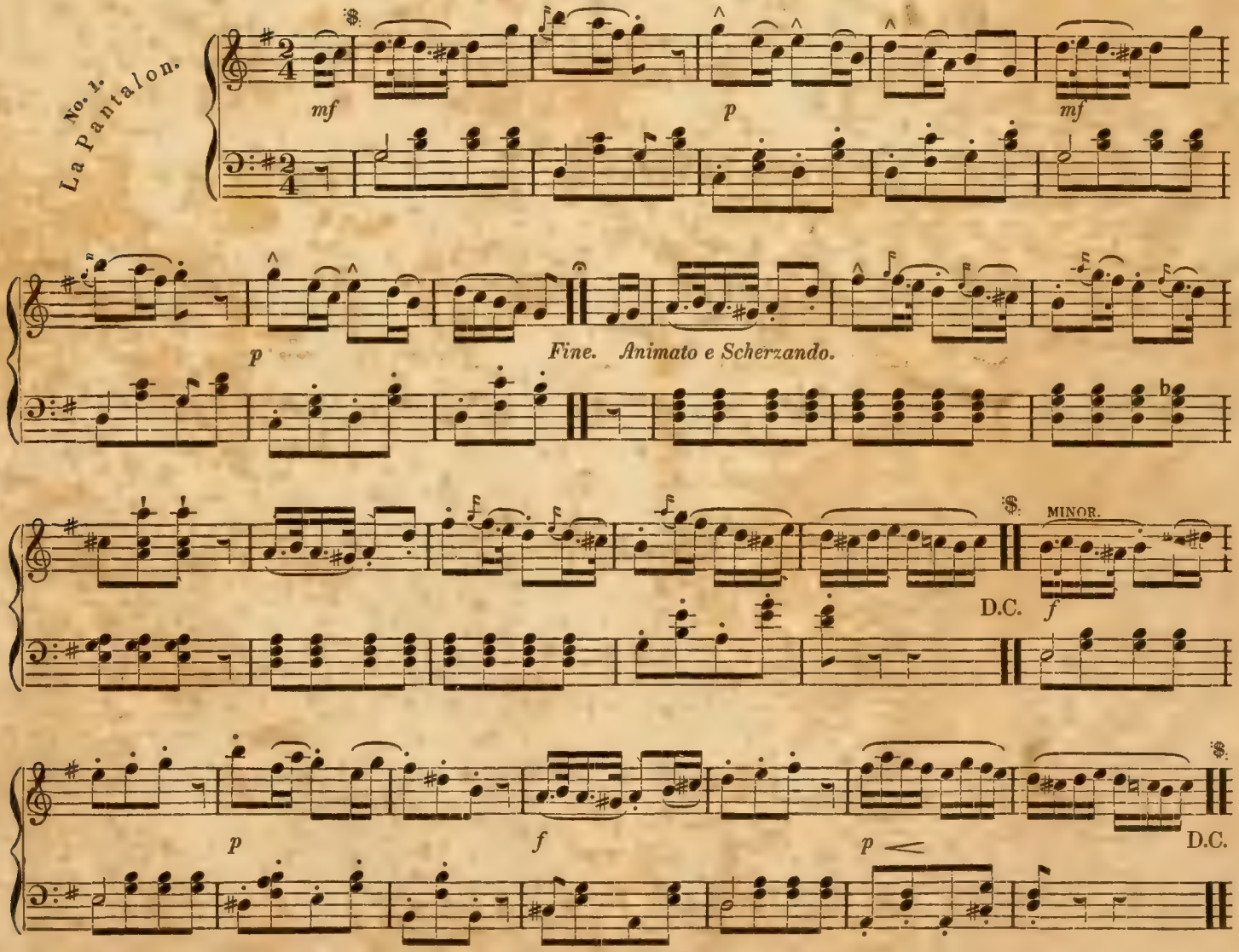
THE FAMILY QUADRILLES.

COMPOSED, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Miss Martha Lewis,

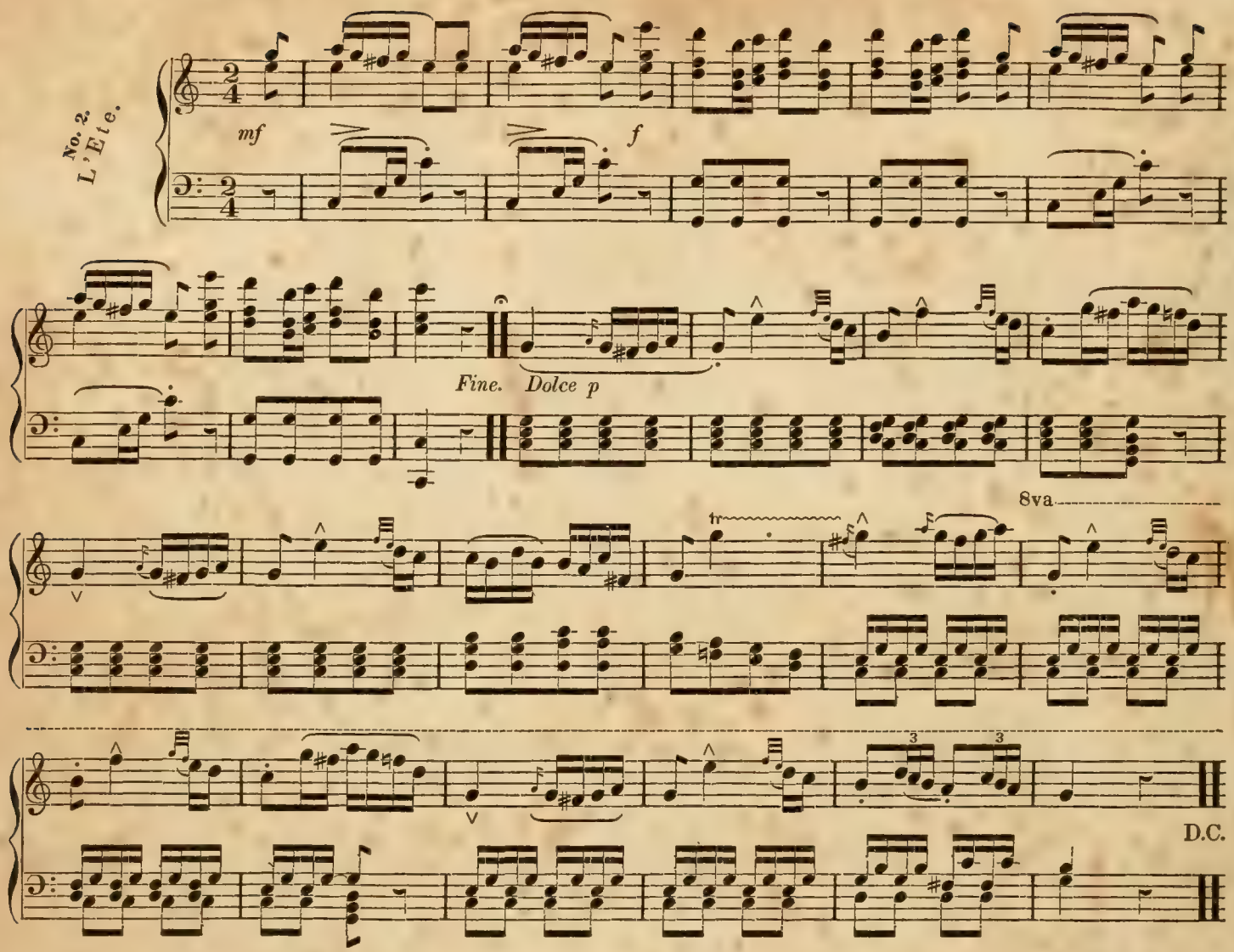
BY AN AMATEUR.

LA CATHARINA.



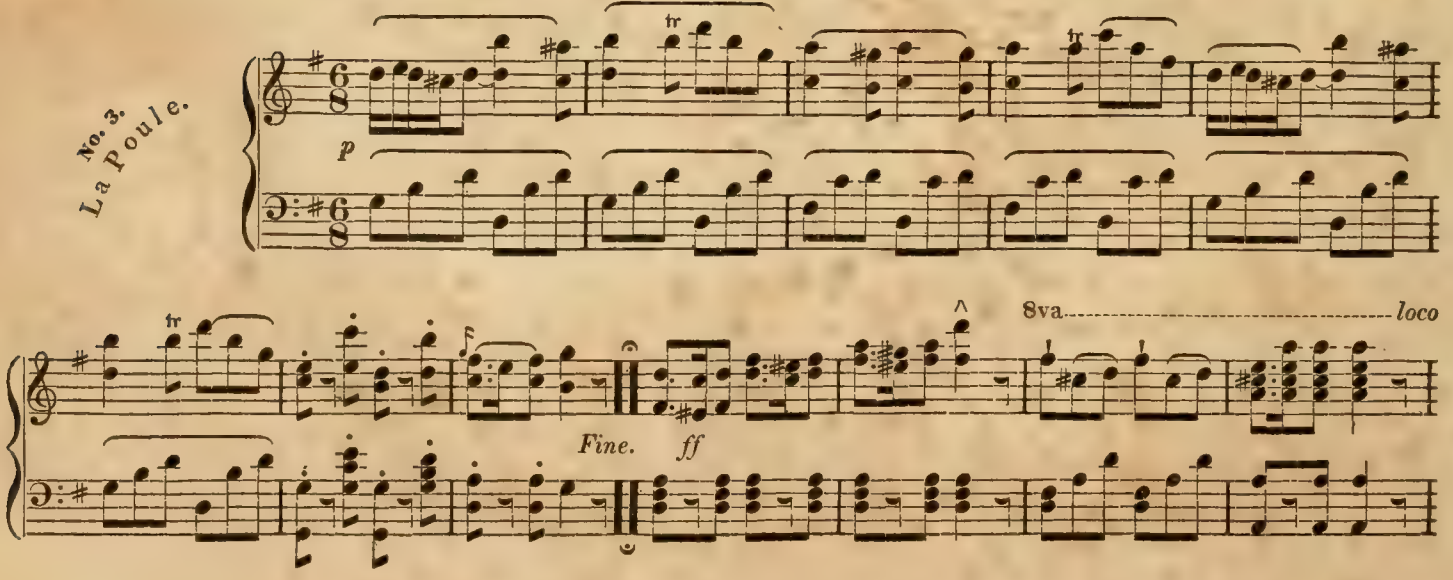
Right and Left—Balancé and turn partner—Ladies chain—Promenade half round—Right and Left to place.

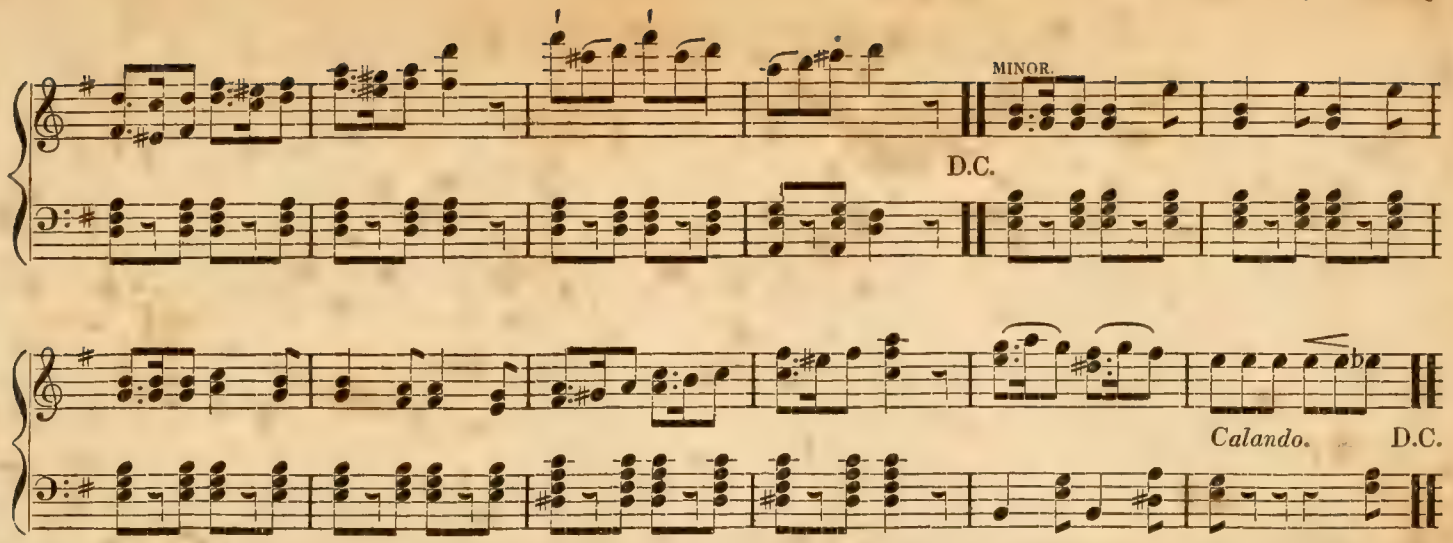
L'ETE LLE MA.



Forward two and cross over—Chassez right and left—Cross to place—Balancé and turn to place.

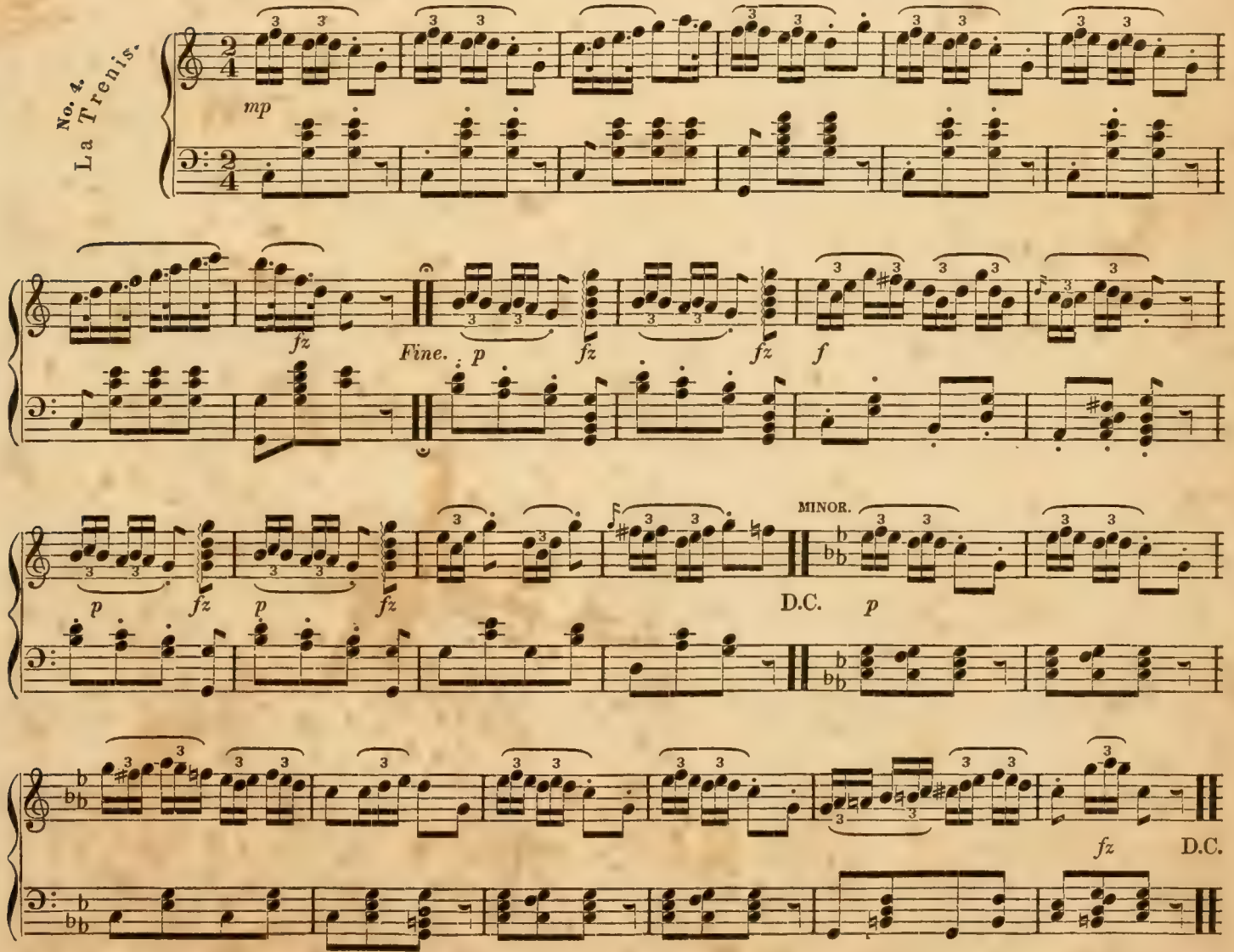
LA BELLE MARIE.





Right hand across, left hand back—Balancé four and promenade half around—Forward two and back—forward four and right and left to place.

PATTIE LA BLONDE.

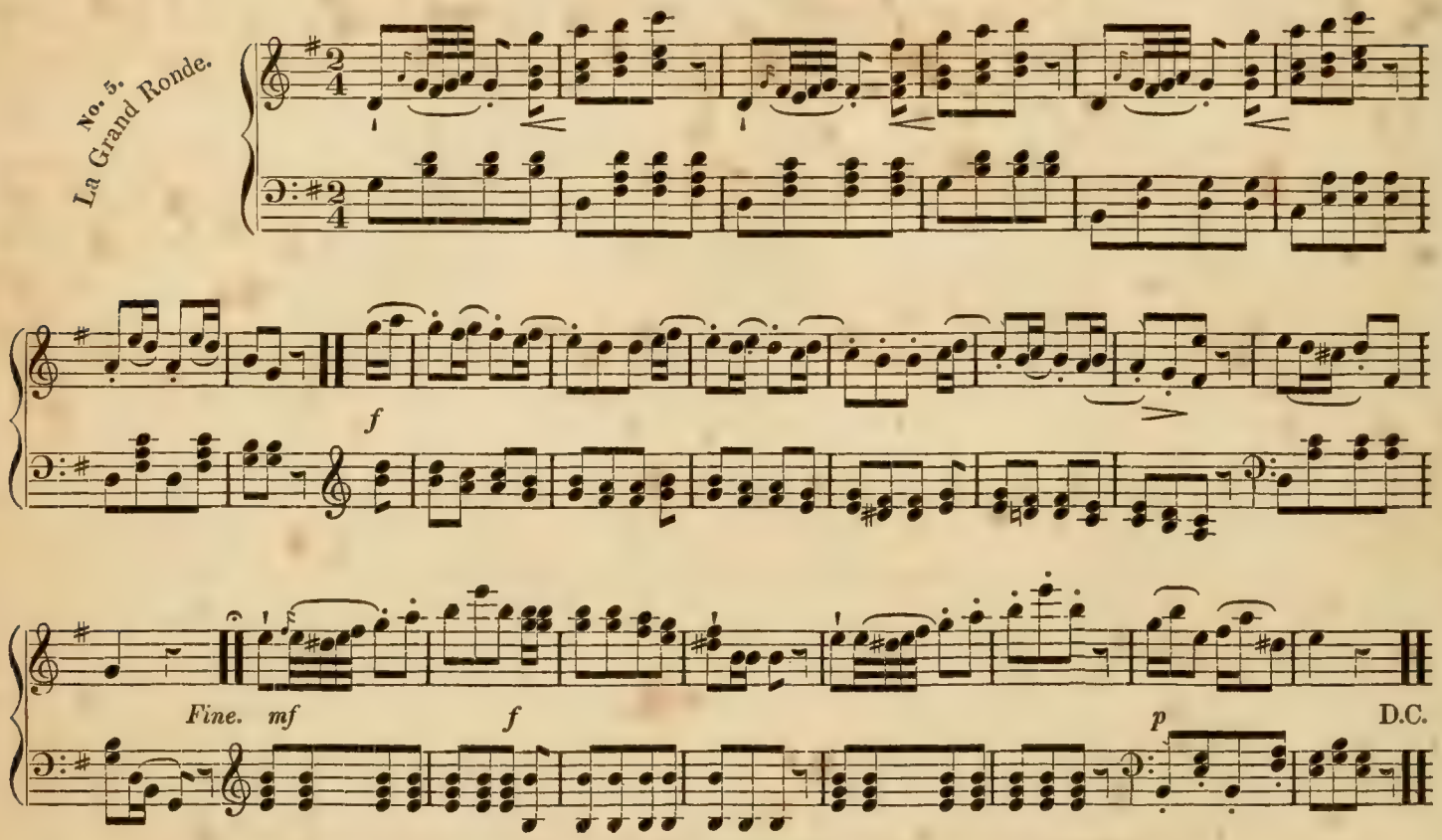


Forward four and back—Forward two and twice leaving lady on the opposite side—Forward three twice, hands around and right and left to places.

HIGHLAND GALOP.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO COUSIN KATE,

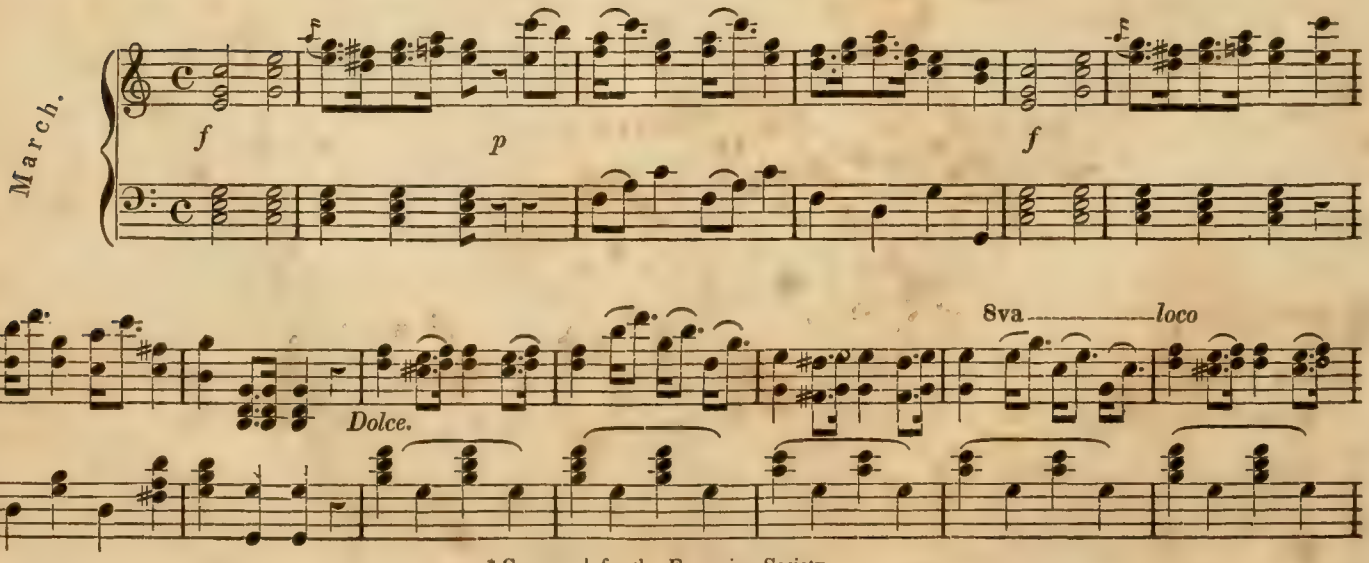
BY AN AMATEUR.

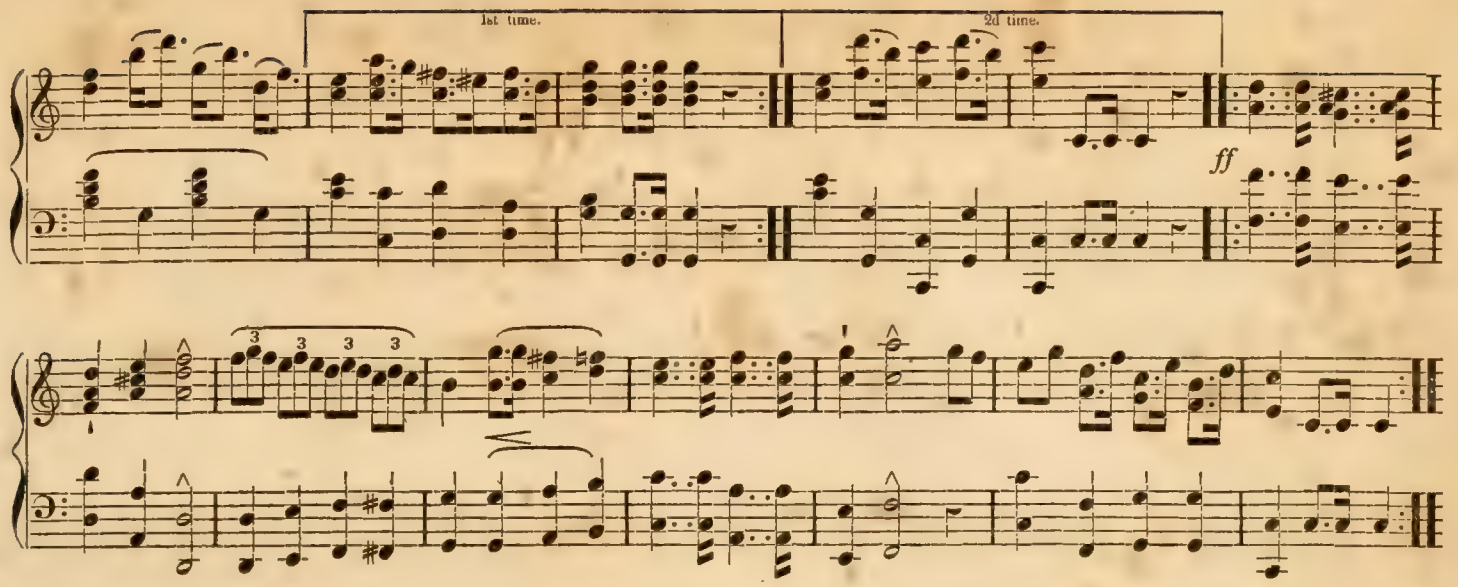


Chassez across four—Forward two—Cross over—Chassez—Cross to place and Balancé.

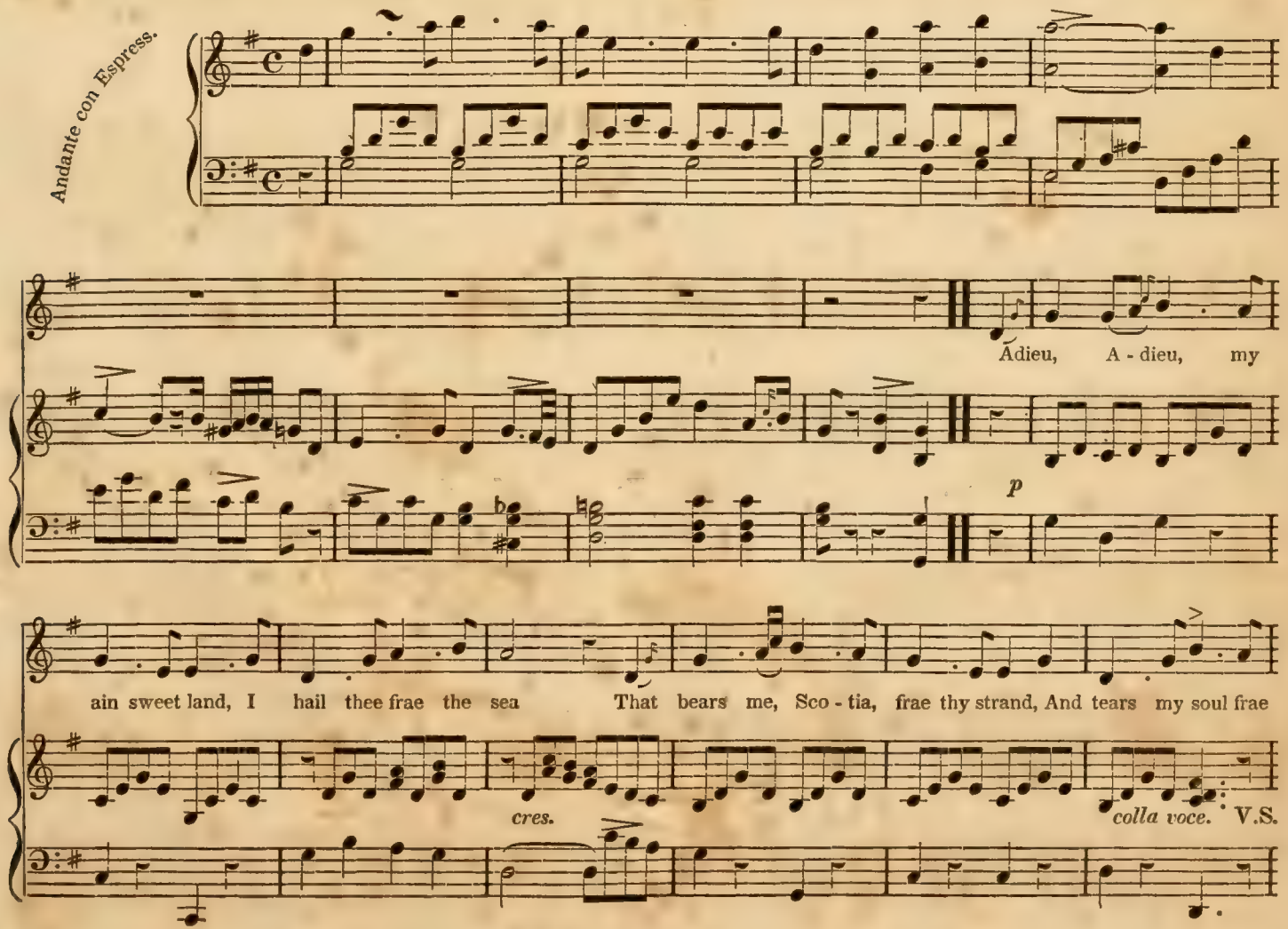
THE EUNOMIAN MARCH.*

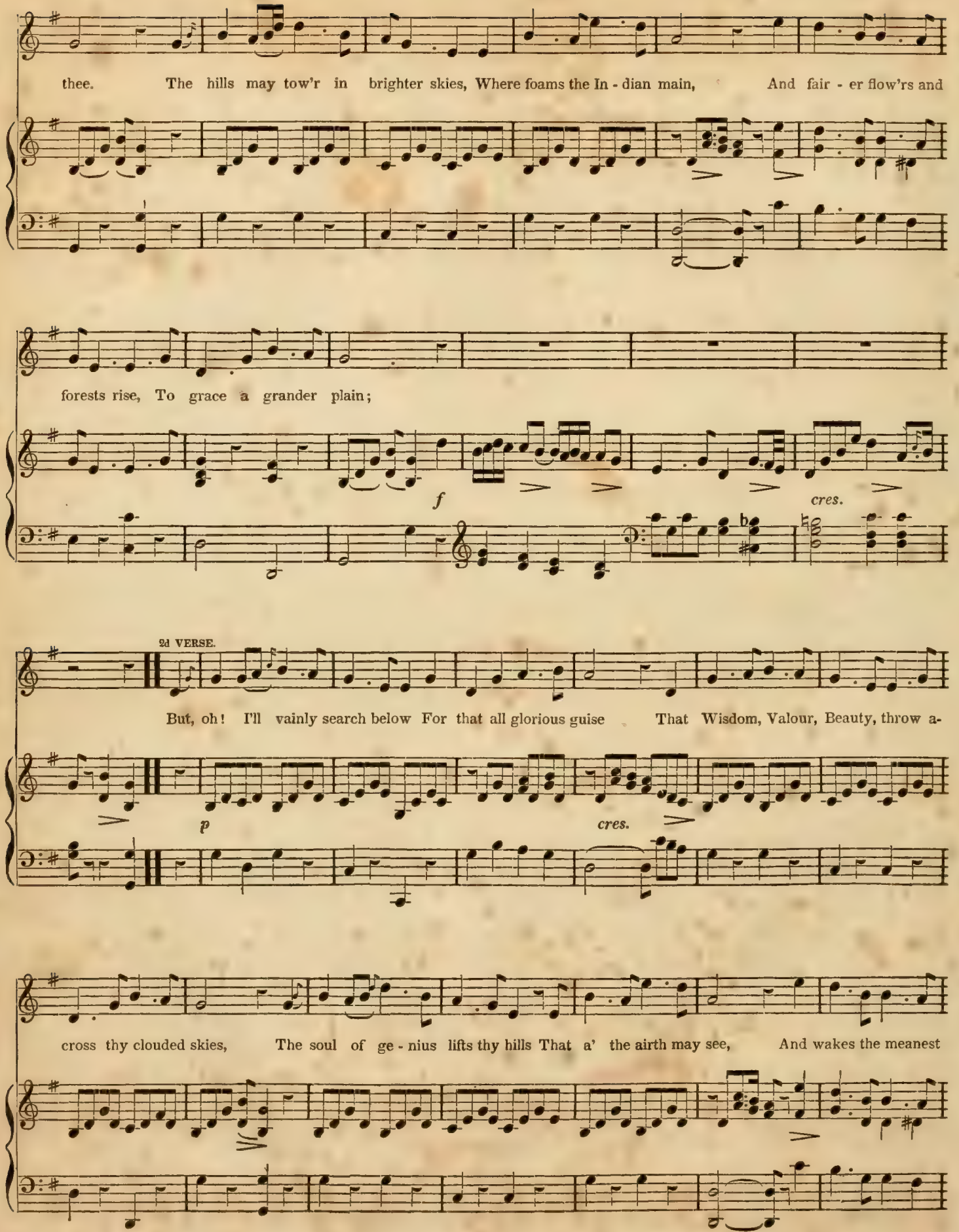
COMPOSED BY AN AMATEUR.

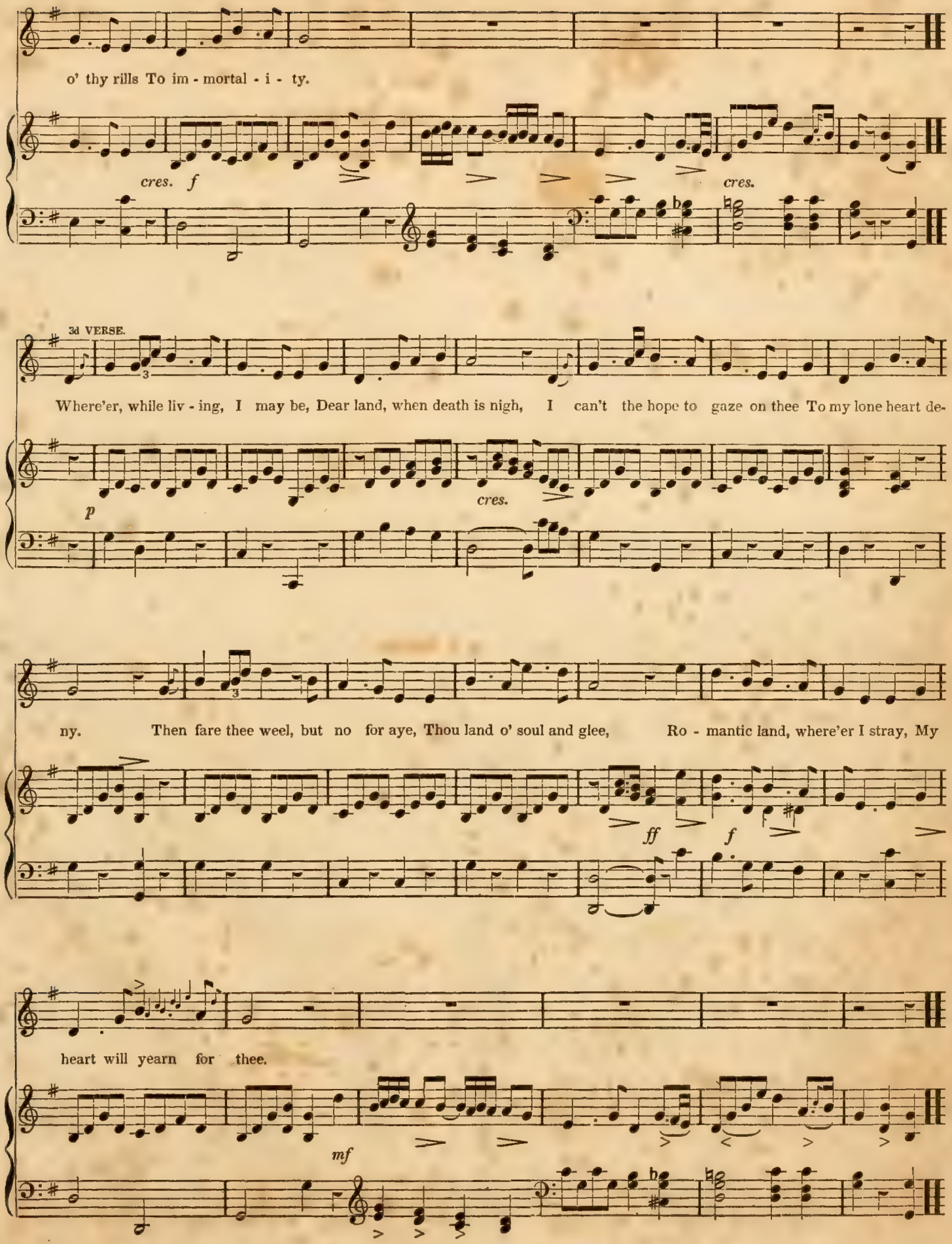


* Composed for the Eunomian Society.

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY AIN SWEET LAND.

The Words and Air by J. K. Mitchell.

THE SYMPHONY AND ACCOMPANIMENT BY J. WATSON.

Andante con Espress.
Adieu, A - dieu, my
p
ain sweet land, I hail thee frae the sea That bears me, Sco - tia, frae thy strand, And tears my soul frae
cres.
colla voce.
V.S.

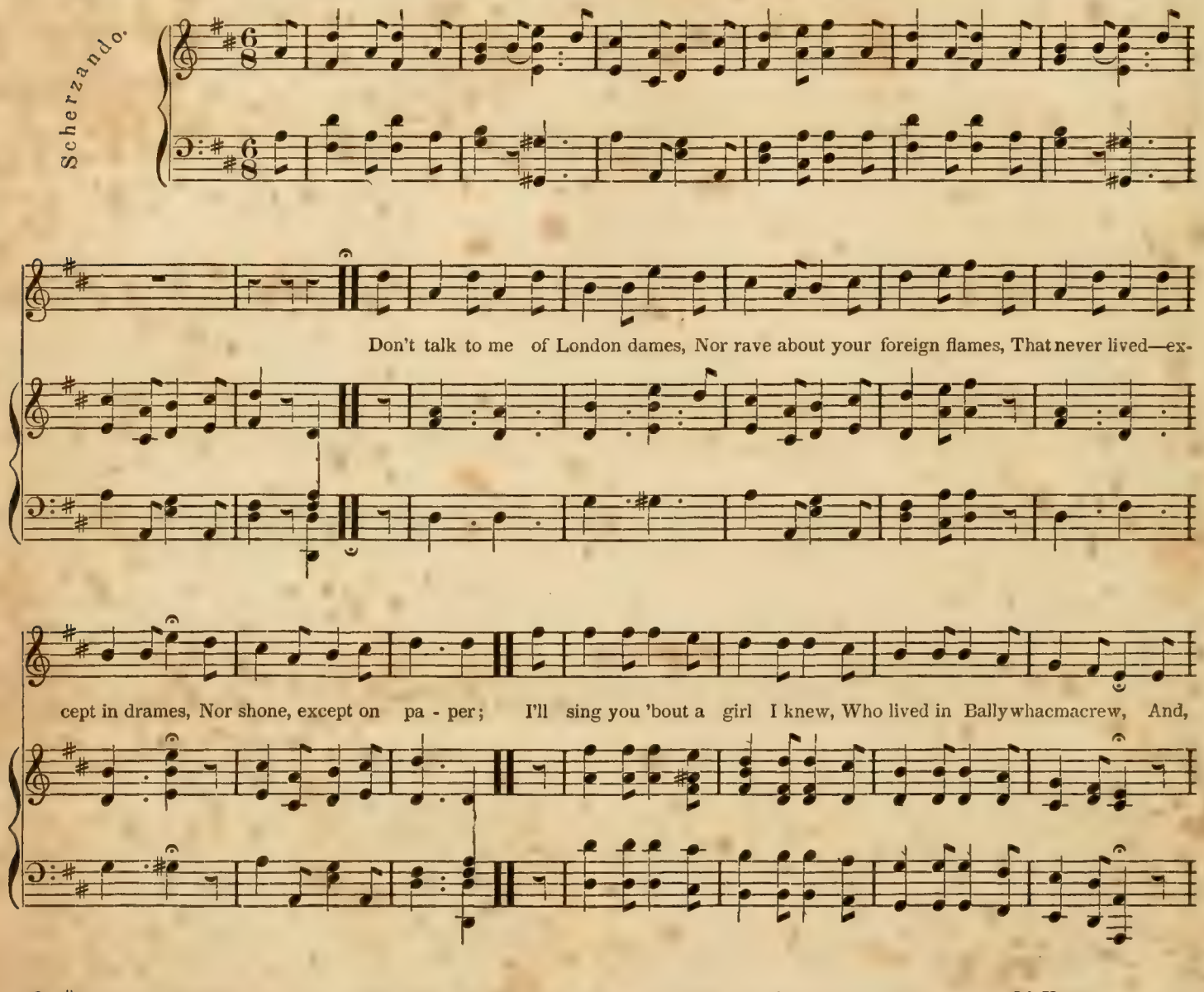

thee. The hills may tow'r in brighter skies, Where foams the In - dian main, And fair - er flow'rs and
forests rise, To grace a grander plain;
f
cres.
2d VERSE.
But, oh! I'll vainly search below For that all glorious guise That Wisdom, Valour, Beauty, throw a-
p
cres.
cross thy clouded skies, The soul of ge - nius lifts thy hills That a' the airth may see, And wakes the meanest


o' thy rills To im - mortal - i - ty.
cres. f
cres.
3d VERSE.
Where'er, while liv - ing, I may be, Dear land, when death is nigh, I can't the hope to gaze on thee To my lone heart de-
p
cres.
ny. Then fare thee weel, but no for aye, Thou land o' soul and glee, Ro - mantic land, where'er I stray, My
ff
f
heart will yearn for thee.
mf

MARY DRAPER.

COMIC SONG, FROM CHARLES O'MALLEY.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY C. JARVIS.


Scherzando.
Don't talk to me of London dames, Nor rave about your foreign flames, That never lived—ex-
cept in drames, Nor shone, except on pa - per; I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew, Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew, And,
let me tell you, mighty few Could equal Ma - ry Draper, Could equal Mary Draper.
D.C.

2d Verse.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
Her hair was brown of deepest hue,
Her foot was small and neat to view,
Her waist was slight and taper;
Her voice was music to your ear,
A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
O, the like I ne'er again shall hear
As from sweet Mary Draper.

3d Verse.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
Or maybe sing you 'Rousseau's Dream,'
For nothing could escape her;
I've seen her too—upon my word—
At sixty yards bring down a bird,
O! she charmed all the Forty-third!
Did lovely Mary Draper.

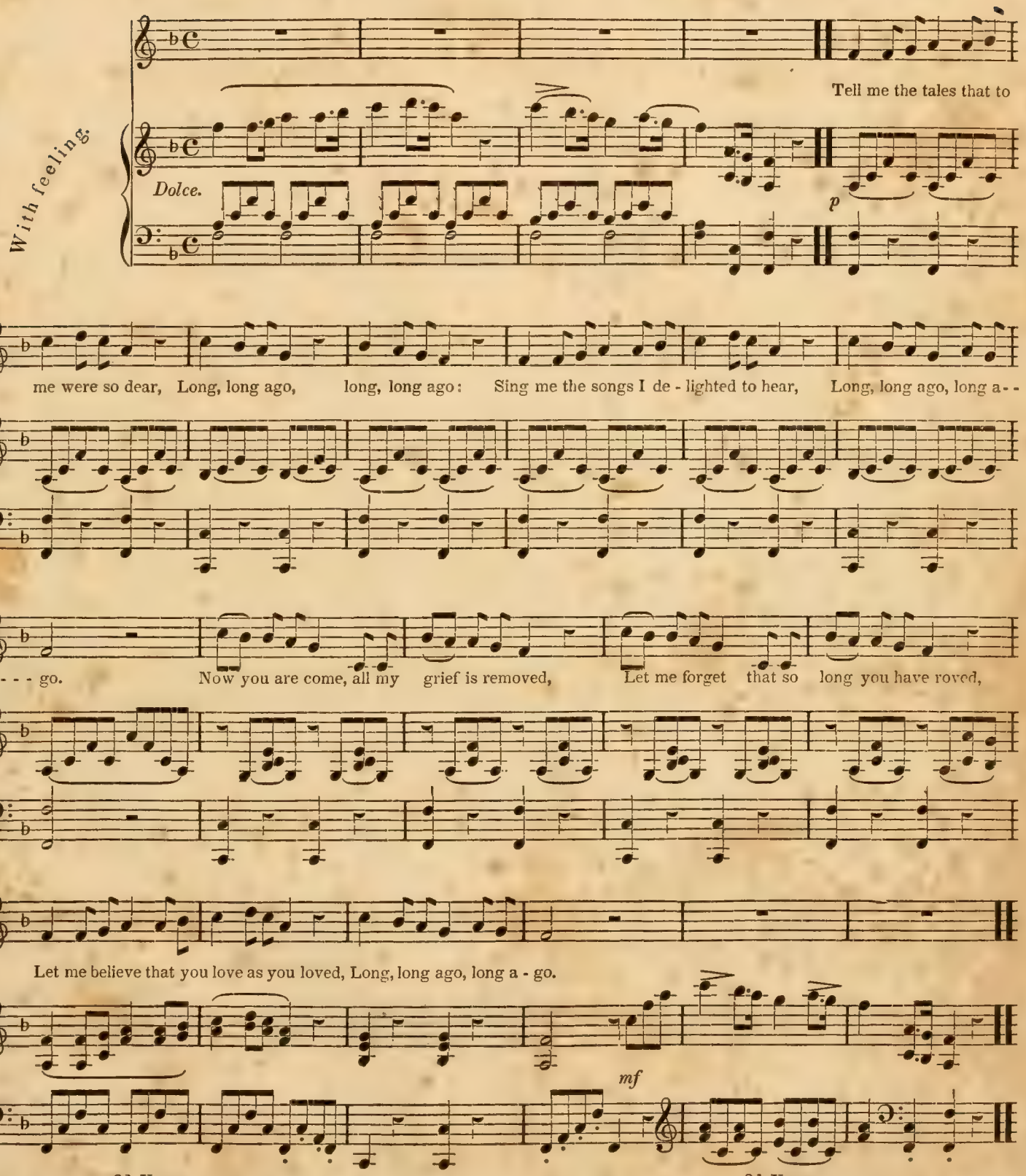
4th Verse.

And at the spring assizes ball,
The junior bar would one and all
For all her fav'rite dances call,
And Harry Deane would caper;
Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
King's counsel, voting law a bore,
Were proud to figure on the floor,
For love of Mary Draper.

5th Verse.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
Were all her slaves, and so would you,
If you had only but one view
Of such a face and shape, or
Her twinkling feet—but, ohone,
It's only west of old Athlone
Such girls were found—and now they're gone;
So here's to Mary Draper.

LONG, LONG AGO!—Ballad.

COMPOSED BY TH. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

With feeling
Dolce.
p
Tell me the tales that to
me were so dear, Long, long ago, long, long ago: Sing me the songs I de - lighted to hear, Long, long ago, long a - -
- - - go. Now you are come, all my grief is removed, Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved, Long, long ago, long a - go.
mf

2d Verse.

Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago?
Ah! yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others my smile you prefer'd
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
Long, long ago, long ago.

3d Verse.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side
Long, long ago, long ago.

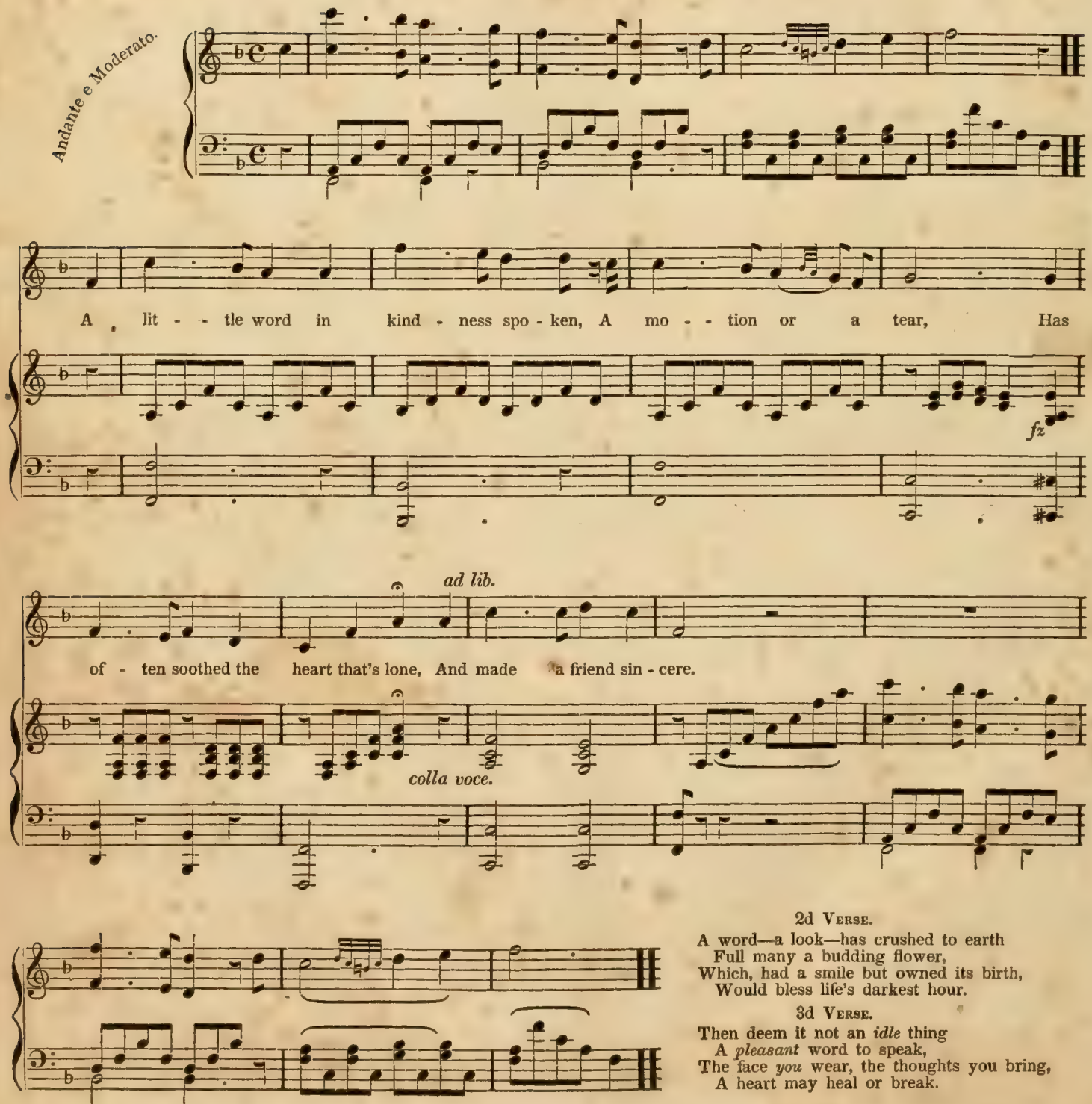
T

KINDNESS,

A Song.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

D——, BY M——.

Andante e Moderato.
A lit - - tle word in kind - ness spo - ken, A mo - - tion or a tear, Has
fz
ad lib.
of - ten soothed the heart that's lone, And made a friend sin - cere.
colla voce.

2d Verse.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

3d Verse.

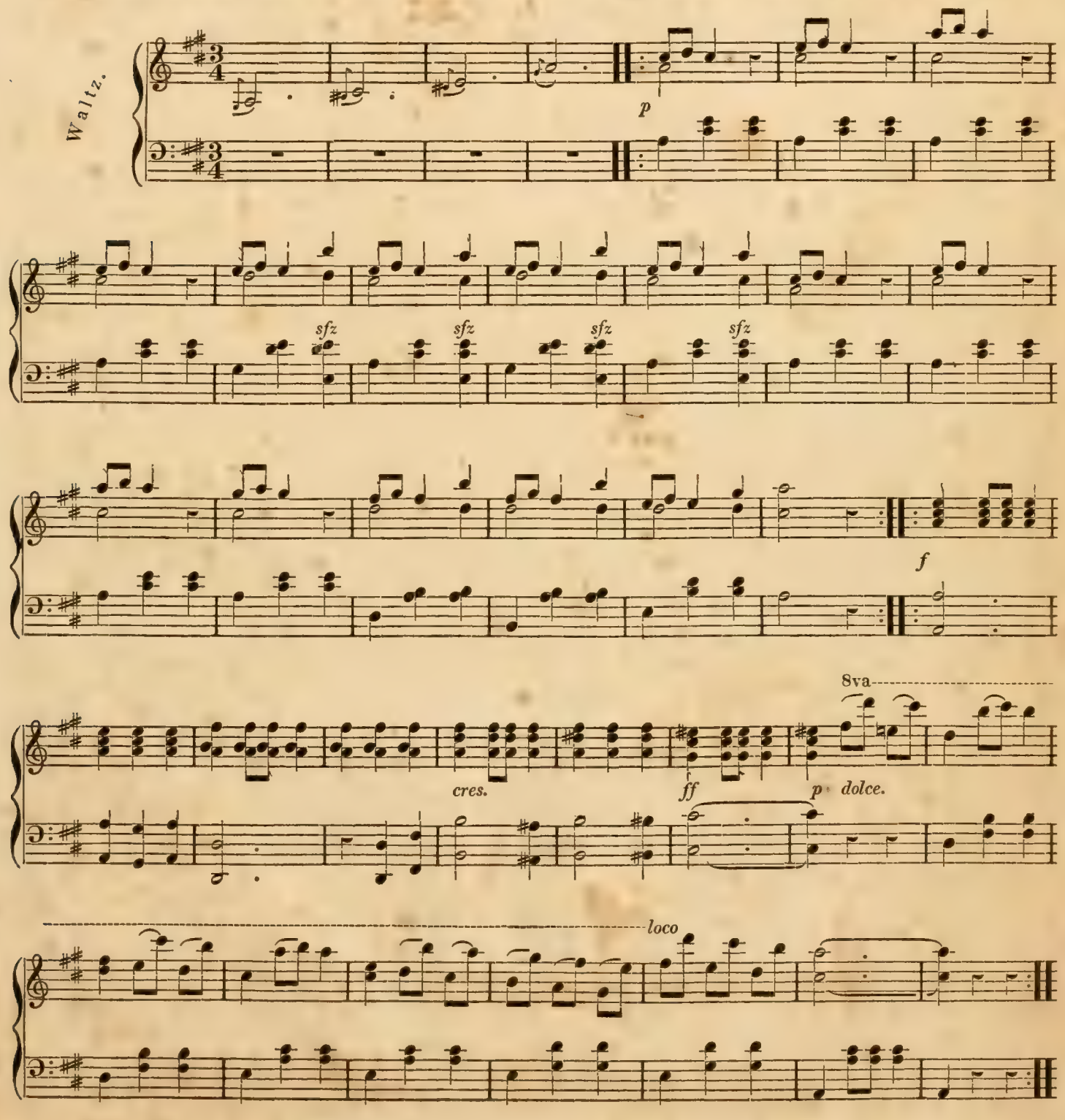
Then deem it not an *idle* thing
A *pleasant* word to speak,
The face *you* wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

CYNTHIA WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,

and Dedicated to Miss Harriet Smith, of New Haven,

BY JAMES L. ENSIGN, ESQ. OF NEW-YORK.

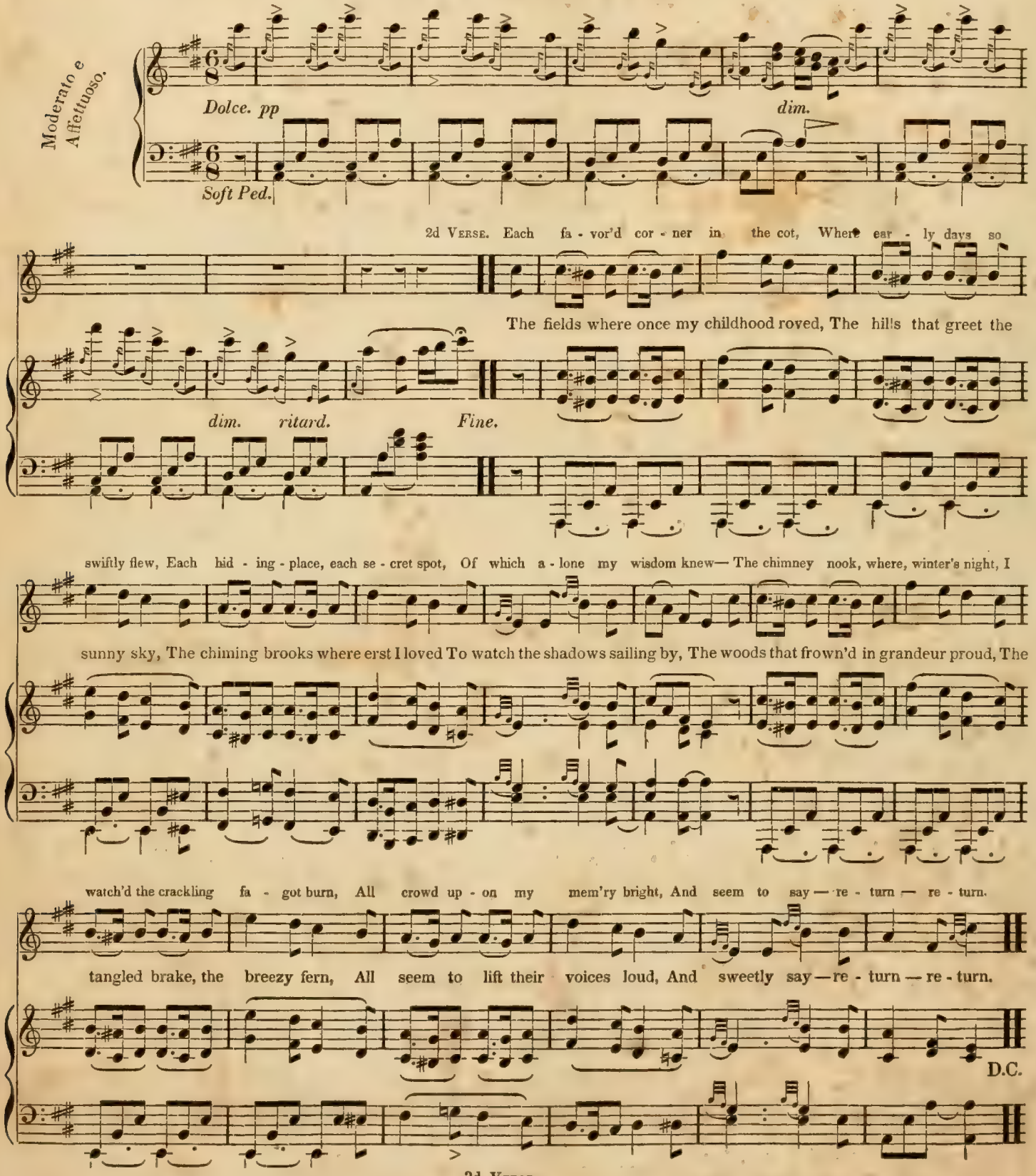


T*

THE CALL OF HOME.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY C. JARVIS.


Moderato e Affettuoso.
Dolce. pp
dim.
Soft Ped.
2d Verse. Each fa - vor'd cor - ner in the cot, Where ear - ly days so
The fields where once my childhood roved, The hills that greet the
dim. ritard.
Fine.
swiftly flew, Each hid - ing - place, each se - cret spot, Of which a - lone my wisdom knew— The chimney nook, where, winter's night, I
sunny sky, The chiming brooks where erst I loved To watch the shadows sailing by, The woods that frown'd in grandeur proud, The
watch'd the crackling fa - got burn, All crowd up - on my mem'ry bright, And seem to say — re - turn — re - turn.
tangled brake, the breezy fern, All seem to lift their voices loud, And sweetly say — re - turn — re - turn.
D.C.

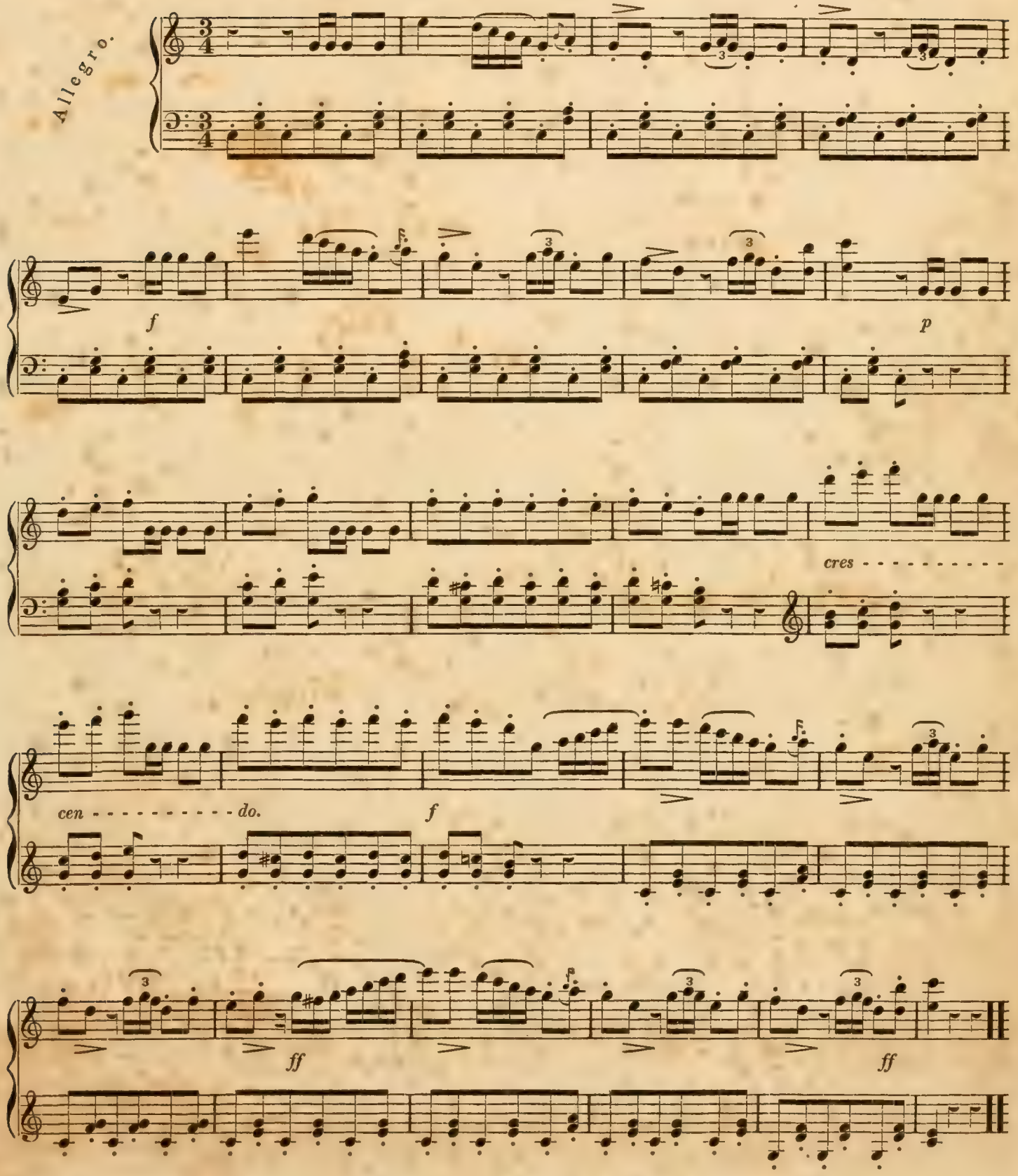
3d Verse.

The rose has faded from my cheek,
The flush of health has pass'd away,
My hand is faint, my voice is weak,
The harp's sweet strings I scarce can sway.

Yet ere I die, to native home
My heart's best feelings warmly yearn,
For all its scenes like music come,
And fondly sing—return—return.

EL ZAPATEADO.

A SPANISH DANCE.

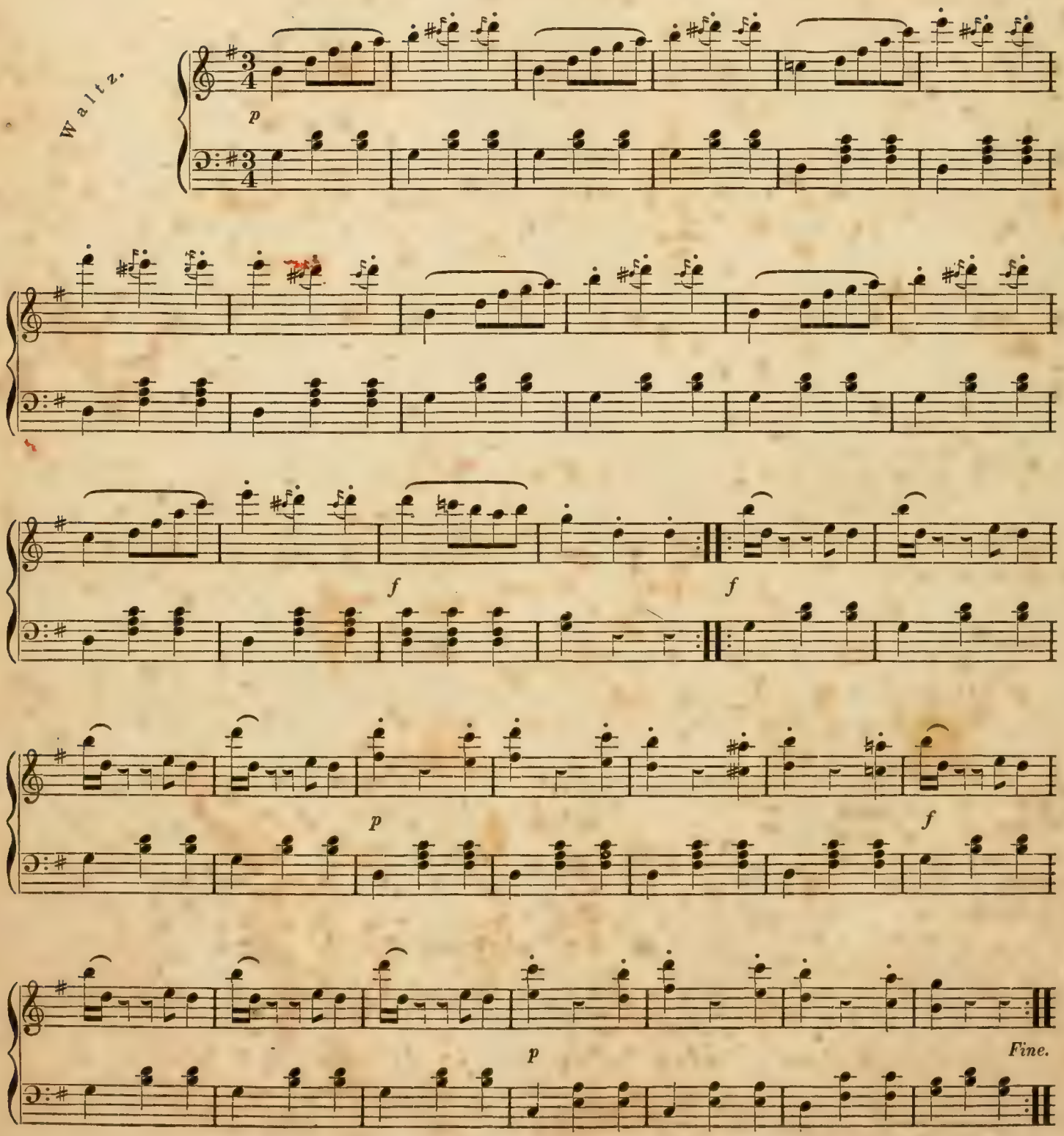


THE AUSTRIAN ROSE WALTZ.

(VERY LOVELY.)

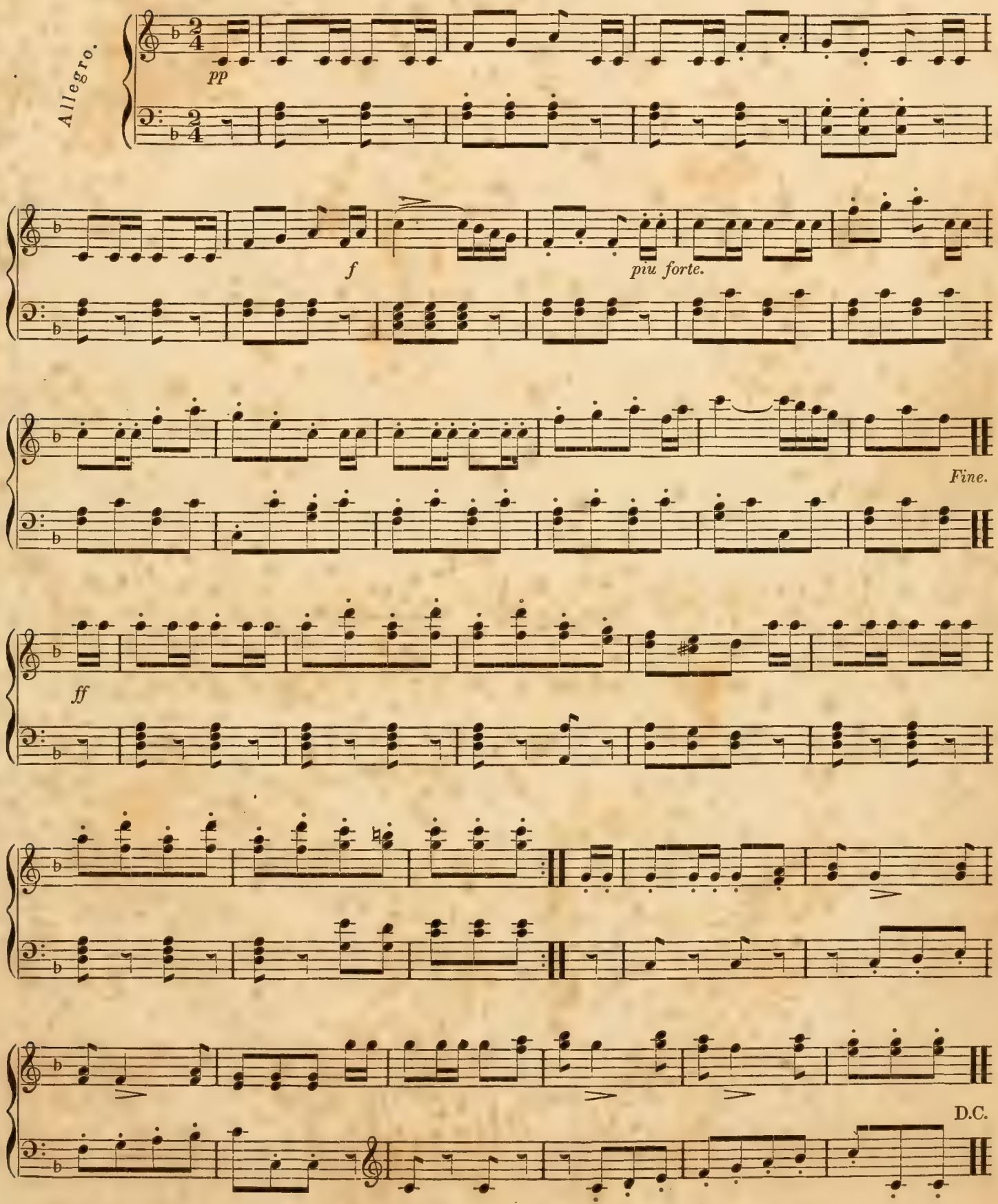
(SELECTED FROM THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.)

BY LANNER.

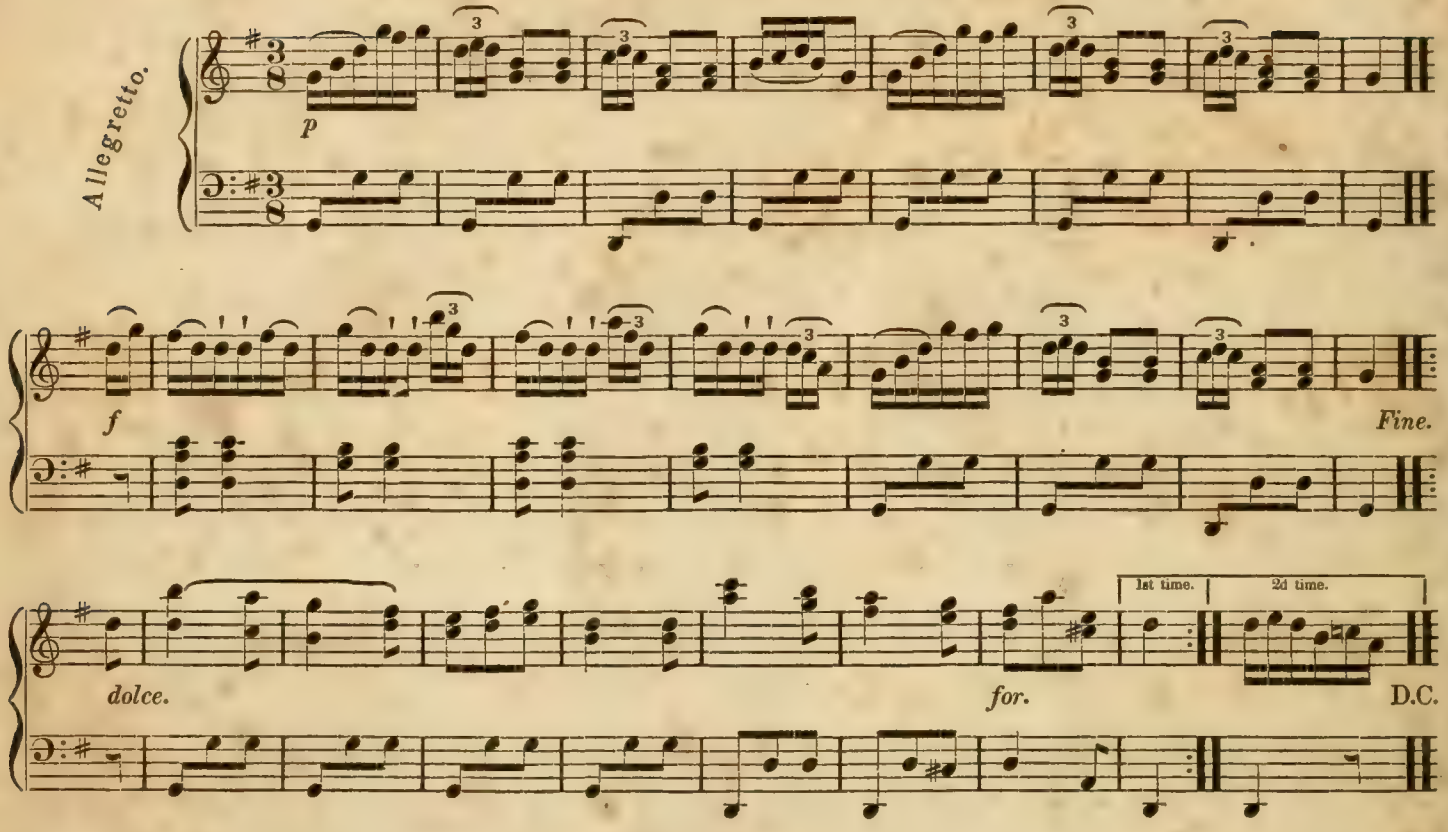


GALOPADE FROM WM. TELL.

ARRANGED BY J. B. DUVERNOY.

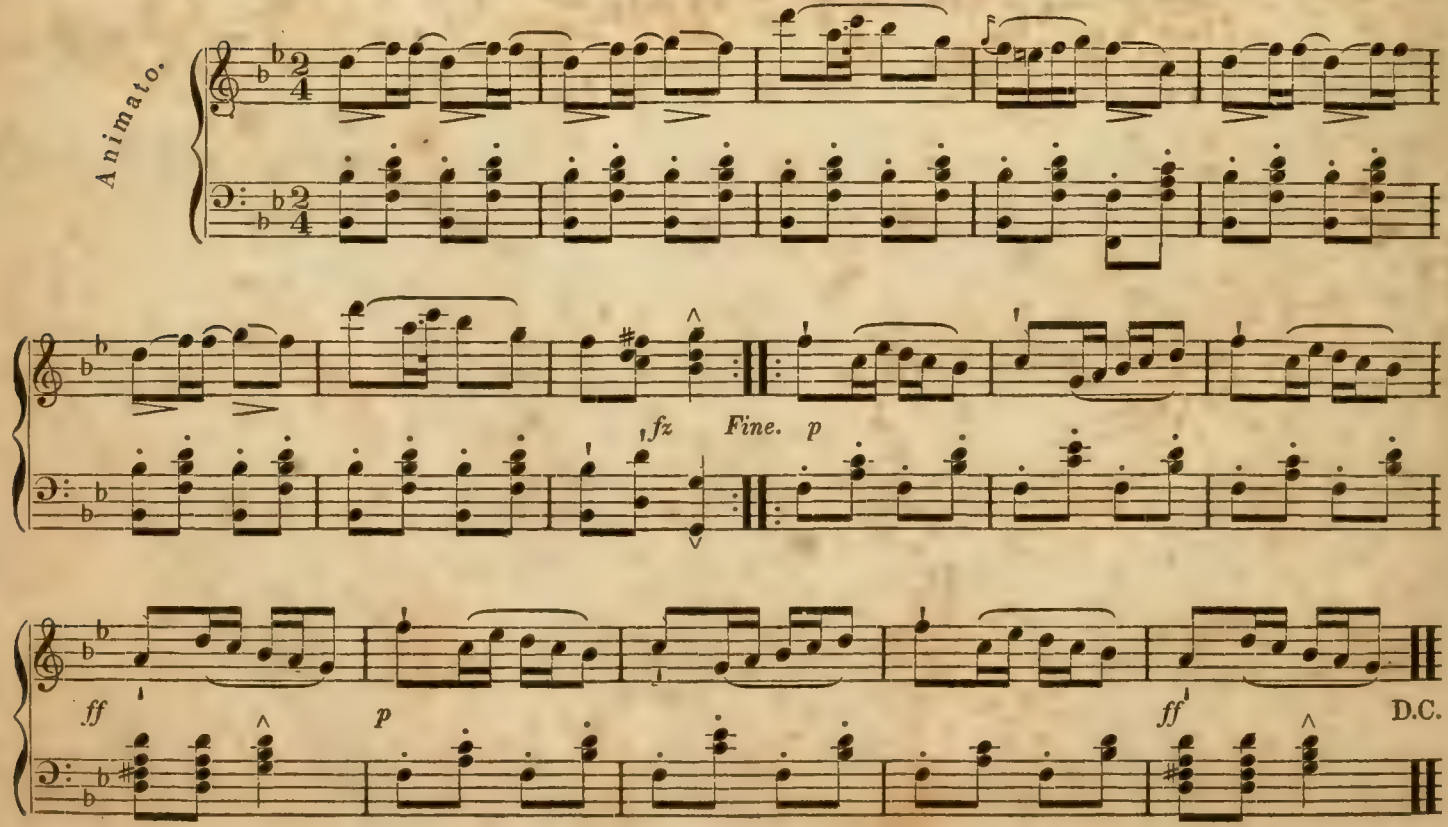


THE TIVOLIAN WALTZ.



A SCOTCH WEDDING DANCE.

C. JARVIS.



MUSIC DEPARTMENT